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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## HERO FORTY FOUR

### OR THE BOY FIREMAN OF ASHLAND AND OTHER STORIES

By EX-FIRE CHIEF WARDEN



"Hello, Teddy! We are going to save you! Catch this rope when I throw it to you!"  
Dick held a coil in his hand. He flung it across the alley. It fell on the burning roof and Teddy grasped it.

FRANK J. FUDGER. 168 N. 2ND ST. NEW-YORK



# PLUCK AND LUCK

## Stories of Adventure

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# HERO FORTY-FOUR

OR,

## THE BOY FIREMAN OF ASHLAND

By EX-FIRE CHIEF WARDEN

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FIRE WAIF.

Ashland was all astir. The pretty little town in the Ohio Valley was alive with colors of vivid red, for it was firemen's muster day.

We will write of those days when firemen used the old-fashioned engines and trucks, when to "run with the machine" was considered a duty and a privilege which no man even of the higher classes regarded as beneath him.

Fire companies from all the surrounding towns had come to Ashland by train to participate in the annual meet. There were to be exhibitions of skill, tests of the throwing capacity of the engines, games and sports, and a ball in the evening.

It had been five years since Ashland had seen so large a gathering. The main reason for this was the special inducements offered and the indefatigable personal efforts of Judge Bent, perhaps the most popular and influential man in the town.

Judge Bent was the firemen's friend. In his younger days he had himself "ran with the machine," having been foreman of a local fire engine company.

There were four fire companies in Ashland, the "Eagle," and the "Phoenix" being the oldest, while the "Tigers" and "Hero Forty-Four" were practically new organizations.

The latter company, "Hero Forty-Four" was unique in its inception and character. It was composed wholly of boys of about the age of sixteen.

There were twenty members, and all were hardy, resolute and plucky lads. Their engine was the best and their engine-house neatly kept.

The origin of this company of boy firemen is well worth explaining.

About fifteen years previous to the opening of our story, Ashland was visited with a terrible conflagration. It wiped out part of the business section of the town and many valuable lives were lost.

The leading fire company at that time was "Hero Forty-four," so named because the company was of ancient organization, having been started in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four.

Hero Forty-Four was a fine body of the old type of firemen. They made their fame not only at firemen's muster, but at fires, performing many heroic deeds.

For twenty years their foreman was a bluff, good-hearted fellow named Bill Martin. He was the personification of valor and nobility of purpose.

Bill Martin was a hero in the fullest sense. He was ever to be found where danger was the most imminent, and saved many lives.

One day, fifteen years previous to the opening of our story, the great fire nearly wiped out Ashland.

For two days and nights the firemen, aided by every able-bodied citizen, fought the flames.

Many thrilling incidents occurred, exciting episodes which would fill a volume. Among these was one which has a direct bearing upon the motif of our story.

Bill Martin had climbed a ladder with a line of hose to the third-story window of a burning tenement block. He broke the window-sash with his axe and made his way into the smoke-filled room beyond.

As he did so, the air lifted the smoke pall a bit and revealed to him a most startling spectacle.

This was a small trundle bed, and in the blankets there reposed the form of an infant. Bill's first impulse always was to save human life. He brushed the smoke from his eyes and bent down over the helpless one.

Bill Martin's heart was big and warm. It instantly went out to the little one so helpless and deserted. But a thrilling surprise was in store for him.

As he attempted to lift the infant in his big, strong arms, he was appalled to find that it was tied to the bed. Strong cords were wound about the little form and the trundle bed.

Astounded and aghast Bill threw himself up and glared about the smoke-dimmed room as if to locate the craven creature who had done this cowardly, murderous thing.

"What fiend's work is this?" he roared. "Man or fiend, whoever or whatever ye are, if you are here, speak!"

"What's that, Bill?" cried a voice at his elbow. "What are ye jawing about?"

It was Sam Jenks, one of the firemen, who had just come in at the window.

"Well, look hyar and tell me, if ye can!" roared Bill, hotly. "Some hound of Satan has tied this little innocent kid onto his bed and left him here to be burned up alive. What do ye think of that?"

Jenks was astounded.

"Do ye s'pose it was done a-purpose?" he asked, as he felt of the cords.

"Why, in course it was. But there's no time to look into it now. I'll take the little chap down and find out about it afterward.

With this, bluff Bill cut the cords and lifted the sleeping infant in his arms. Down the ladder to safety he carried it.

The little one woke up, and, while in the fireman's arms, began to bawl and coo. Big Bill was touched. He looked about in the crowd for some one with whom to entrust the little one.

But he could find nobody. People were so terrified and engrossed with troubles of their own that they could not be induced to add to them by assuming this fresh burden.

Bill swore a big oath.

"Waal, it shan't go hungry while I kin help it," he cried. "I'll jist send it home to Maria, till I can find its parents."

So the little one found its way into the home and hearts of the childless couple, Bill and Maria Martin.

No clue to its origin or its parentage was ever found. The only guide to possible identification were some cleverly engrossed initials on the child's linen:

"M. W. M."

The little fire waif grew up into rugged boyhood. He assumed the name of his foster parents. He was called Teddy, a nickname for Edward.

Bright and smart as a whip, Teddy Martin became the most popular boy in Ashland.

Out of school hours he spent all his time about the engine-house with his foster father. But when Teddy was about ten years old, Bill Martin died and the famous "Hero Forty-Four" company was disbanded.

This was a great grief to both Teddy and Mrs. Martin. Luckily, Bill left a good-sized bit of life insurance, so that Mrs. Martin was able to keep Teddy in school until he was fourteen.

Then Teddy, in company with Dick Bent, the judge's son and Teddy's warmest friend, conceived the idea of forming a boy fire company.

The judge was delighted with the spirit shown by the boys, and aided them. He secured a town appropriation for an engine-house and a charter.

Then he purchased the engine, a light and beautiful affair, and also fine uniforms for the boys. A smart and natty appearance they made on parade or at a fire.

And they quickly distinguished themselves, proving real heroes. The name chosen was that in perpetuation of Ashland's most famous fire company, "Hero Forty-Four."

And, by unanimous vote, Teddy Martin was elected foreman. So that the spirit of the old company was thus kept alive in the new.

The young "Hero Forty-Four" seemed elected by fate to have plenty of opportunity to distinguish themselves. There were many fires in the town in the past year and some of them were incendiary.

Now we have the history of our fire waif, Teddy Martin, up to the day on which our story opens. The day of days in Ashland, when every train brought red-clad firemen to the town for the great muster.

Teddy lived with his foster mother, Mrs. Martin, in a respectable though humble home near the engine-house. Teddy spent most of his time at the latter place.

On muster day he was busy shining up the brasswork of the machine, when Dick Bent came rushing in.

"Hello, Teddy!" cried the judge's son; "I see you're hard at work. It's a great day for the sports."

"You are right it is, Dick," agreed Teddy. "I only hope Hero Forty-Four makes a good record."

"We will win third prize anyway," said Dick, confidently. "They say that the Resolutes of Brownville have come and they are a husky lot of men."

"All right," said Teddy, cheerily. "It will be all the more to our credit if we beat them."

"I am afraid we can't do that."

"Oh, confidence will do a great deal."

"I know it will; and I wish I had as much of it as you have," cried Dick. "Hello! here is Jack Vane."

One by one the boys kept coming. Soon all were on hand, and it was time to take out the machine. The long ropes were run out, and the boys took hold of them, ten on a side. Teddy was in front with his trumpet.

Thus the boys marched out to join the parade. They were given their place in the line and went over the route with the other companies.

They were cheered repeatedly for their fine appearance, and at the reviewing stand the judge publicly complimented them.

Finally the parade disbanded at the common. Here a great tent was erected and the paraders partook of a hearty dinner.

Then followed post-prandial speeches, and after this every one adjourned to the scene of contest.

The judges were on hand and the list of competitors was posted. All was in readiness. The first company called to the line was the Crescent.

The course was two hundred yards. The company doing the distance in the quickest time would win the prize, which was a pretty silver cup.

Teddy had counted upon making a good bid for this prize.

His boys were all light and swift, and the engine was light. The other contests, especially the water-throwing trials, he did not reckon upon so easily.

Crescent ran the distance in thirty-three seconds, or a little over half a minute. This was remarkably good time.

The next company could not do it in thirty-five. Resolute did it in twenty-nine. One after another the companies tried, but none beat this time. Hero Forty-Four, as it chanced, was the last on the list.

Teddy called the boys together, and Hero Forty-Four came up to the line with a dash. The people cheered the boy firemen, for they were popular.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIREMEN'S MUSTER.

The two hundred yards in twenty-nine seconds, as performed by Resolute, was considered excellent time. In fact, it was looked upon as quite certain that Resolute had the prize.

But Judge Bent looked at the boys, and in response to a friend, chuckled:

"Don't be too sure. When I was a boy I could run like a gazelle."

"No doubt," agreed the friend; "but you didn't pull a great fire engine after you."

"Indeed I have," cried the judge, stoutly; "I only wish I could make the trial now. But alas! it is old age."

Hero Forty-Four was at the line. Every boy was on his nerve. They would do their best. There was no doubt of this.

Teddy was in the lead with his trumpet at his lips. The starter held his pistol ready.

The moment it was discharged Hero Forty-Four started.

The boys for a moment bent low as the rope tautened, and the engine started. Then as it gained momentum they quickly increased their speed.

Down the level course they sped like young antelopes. The weight of the engine was as nothing to them.

Teddy blew a loud blast with his trumpet and it seemed to electrify the boys. On they sped, swifter and swifter. The crowd was hushed in its deep interest.

Nearer the line they raced. Now Teddy shouted:

"Pull her in, boys! One last pull!"

The fire boys bent to their work with a final fierce effort. They crossed the line.

The timer held his watch a moment in a surprised manner. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

People were thronging about him.

"What is the time, Peterson? Did they make it?"

"Time! give us the time!"

These were the cries which went up. Peterson, for a time, seemed unable to speak. Then he cried:

"Hero Forty-Four makes the course in twenty-six seconds!"

For a time few in the crowd could hear anything so deafening was the cheering. The ground seemed to tremble. The boys of Hero Forty-Four came in for an ovation such as is seldom seen or known.

Of course they were the winners of the prize in this event. Next came the squirting contests. In these the boys were not fortunate enough to secure first prize, but they got second prize, one of the heavier companies, the Tigers, being able to throw the highest stream of water.

By noon the firemen's trials were all over and the prizes awarded. The afternoon was to be devoted to athletic contests and sports.

Now, both Dick Bent and Teddy were born athletes.

Teddy could cover one hundred yards easily in ten and one-half seconds, and had been the victor in many foot-races. Dick was a capital long-distance runner and high jumper.

At the appointed hour everybody was on hand to witness the field sports.

"Are you not going into the hundred yards event, Teddy?" asked Dick, as they entered the enclosure.

"I hardly know," replied Teddy. "I fear I would have no chance."

"Pshaw! I'll bet on you."

"Don't do it. There is Tim Walker from White Falls. They say he can equal the world's record."

"Don't you believe it. You know there is everything in the start. And you are the quickest starter I ever knew."

Teddy finally decided to enter the contest. In this he was influenced by other words than those of Dick.

They met Judge Bent and a tall, very charming young lady. This was Dick's sister, Alice, who was just home from boarding school.

The judge and Alice welcomed Teddy warmly. They chatted for some while, pleasantly.

Then Alice asked:

"Are you not taking part in any of the sports to-day, Teddy? I shall be interested, and pray for you to win."

Teddy's face burned.

"I—this is—well, I had thought of going into the hundred yards dash, but I fear there would be little chance of winning."

"Oh, do go in, Teddy!" cried Alice, eagerly. "I know you will win. I feel positive of it."

So it happened that when the contestants lined up for the hundred-yard race Teddy was there, in his natty racing suit, showing the fine muscles of his body to perfection.

Tim Walker, a dark-browed, surly sort of fellow, and the champion of the region about, was next to him.

Tim was the son of Senator Walker of White Falls, the next town.

They were wealthy people, and Tim was a spoiled child. He was not at all a favorite with youths of his age. He scowled at Teddy and jostled him in the line.

"Get out of my position!" he snapped. "You've no right to crowd me in such a way."

"I have a right in this line as well as you, sir," replied Teddy, quietly. "I am not in your position."

"What! You dare tell me I lie? I'll knock you down if you say it again!"

"I say it a hundred times over," replied Teddy, in a voice of steel. He looked fair and full into the eye of the surly youth.

Walker raised his fist as if he would execute his threat. But the starter called out:

"Steady in the line there. Are you ready?"

"Wait till after the race," growled Walker; "I owe you a thrashing for this!"

But Teddy bent down and placed the tips of his fingers on the ground, ready for the start.

The next moment they were off.

Teddy was naturally a quick starter, but the runner next to him lunged against him and he was, for an instant, staggered. Walker shot in front of him.

Teddy saw the trick.

But the young fireman's whole spirit was aflame. He was spurred on by a hundred incentives.

He knew that a soft pair of eyes in the crowd were upon him. He remembered the words:

"I shall pray for you to win!"

Teddy made the effort of his life. He swung wide of Walker and breasted him with a mighty lunge. They were the leaders. In fact no others seemed in it.

The crowd sent up a mighty roar of applause as Teddy breasted his opponent after that dirty trick and mean handicap at the start. Great cheers went up.

"Run, Teddy!"

"Beat him out!"

"You can do it!"

Neck and neck Teddy and Walker ran. It was a mighty race. Down the stretch of green their legs twinkled. The space of time was incredibly short. But it seemed ages to Teddy.

He drew a deep breath and held it. Nearer drew the goal. He seemed instinctively to feel that his opponent was gaining. A film came over his eyes.

To be beaten by Walker now was an humiliation he could not stand. He made a final desperate effort. And it seemed to him as if his muscles would burst.

But it counted. Walker had gone to his limit.

In the last dozen strides he sagged. Teddy held his speed and crossed the tape, a heart-breaking winner by three lengths. It was a mighty finish.

The uproar was tremendous.

People rushed upon the course and Teddy was lifted upon their shoulders. There had always been intense rivalry between White Falls and Ashland, and the win was a popular one.

But what proved the greatest joy to Teddy was the fact that Judge Bent and Alice overwhelmed him with congratulations and praise.

"You see, my prayers were with you, Teddy," said Alice, with a roguish smile.

"I could not help winning, therefore," replied Teddy, gallantly.

Tim Walker had disappeared. That he was sore over his defeat there was no doubt. Teddy knew that he had made a bitter foe.

When he went home, after the sports, Teddy was in a highly jubilant frame of mind. It had been a day of victories for him and he was very happy.

Mrs. Martin embraced him warmly and said:

"I'm proud of you, Teddy. You're a regular hero."

Of course, Teddy could not be absent from the ball that evening. As foreman of Hero Forty-Four he must lead his company in the grand march.

A mighty crowd was in evidence in the hall that night. The floor was jammed with dancers. After the march Teddy felt a hand on his arm.

He turned to meet Dick Bent, who said, with great eagerness:

"Come over in our part of the hall, Teddy. Alice says you have promised her a dance."

Teddy's veins tingled. His face flushed, and he said, quickly:

"I am sure I shall be very happy."

Alice, with a coterie of young ladies, occupied one corner of the hall. Here great gayety reigned and Teddy suddenly found himself the lion of the little circle.

Dance after dance followed, and the boy fireman was the happiest lad in the hall until suddenly another figure appeared on the scene.

Like a dark shadow, unbidden and unsought, Tim Walker came grimly striding into the circle.

"Miss Bent," he said, ostentatiously, "I would like the honor of this dance with you."

Alice flashed a quick glance at him and replied, somewhat coldly:

"I am sorry, sir, but this dance is promised to Mr. Martin."

Tim Walker's face grew an apoplectic red. His figure trembled with passion, and his eyes flamed.

"With that cur! Why, you have danced with him all the evening."

Alice arose with dignity.

"Your words are rude, Tim Walker," she said; "it is my privilege to dance with Mr. Martin as often as I choose."

"Oh, I see!" snapped the jealous Walker. "He has a hold on you, I suppose. Perhaps you are engaged."

At this moment Teddy came up to claim his partner. He ignored Walker and was about to offer his arm to Alice.

But Walker, the personification of fury, stepped directly in front of him.

"No," he gritted, savagely, "you'll not dance with Miss Bent this time!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### FIRE! FIRE!

For a moment Teddy was so astonished that he could not speak or act. This move of Walker's was astounding.

"What do you mean?" he was finally able to demand.

"Just what I say, you low-browed cur! You have no right in society of this sort. Go back to the engine-house where you belong. You shall not impose on this lady any longer. You are not her equal!"

Teddy's face crimsoned. His hands clenched and his eyes flashed. He knew that it was no place to fight. If it had been in the open air he would not have lacked inspiration for action.

"If you are a gentleman, Tim Walker," he said, in a low tone, "you will wait for me outside the hall after this dance. Choose a friend and I will choose one and meet you there."

"Do you think I would soil my dignity as a gentleman by meeting you?" sniffed Walker. "No, I will kick you out of this ballroom first, before all these people."

This was more than Teddy could stand. These words had been spoken in low, tense tones, and Alice did not hear them. But she saw there was trouble and now came forward with a woman's tact.

"I am waiting for the dance, Mr. Martin," she said.

"Certainly, Miss Bent," said Teddy, stepping forward. But again Walker stepped in front of him.

This was more than human forbearance could stand. Despite the place, despite the disgrace, Teddy could not act otherwise than a gentleman should.

He simply let his left arm drive out, straight from the shoulder. It caught Walker in the chest and stretched him upon the floor. He was on his feet the next moment and rushed at Teddy, with furious cries.

But the bystanders grasped him by the arms and rushed him into an ante-room. Alice accepted Teddy's arm and they vanished in the mazes of the dance.

All was not over, however. As they waltzed the second time around the hall, Tim burst away from his captors and again rushed out upon the floor. He descended upon Teddy like a tiger.

The ladies screamed, the music stopped and a general rush forward was made. All was confusion and excitement. Tim did not succeed in reaching Teddy, but he had succeeded in marring the success of the evening party.

Just at that moment, however, a startling sound burst upon the ears of all. It at once put a new face on matters.

Clang! clang! clang!

"Fire! fire! fire!"

The cry came up from the street. It filled the hall. It was taken up by all and swelled into a fearful chorus.

"Fire! Fire!"

"You will excuse me," Teddy said.

Teddy rushed from the hall. Dick followed just as quickly as he could. The other boys were almost at once on hand.

Hero Forty-Four was the first company at the fire. It was a tenement block in a crowded quarter of the town. It was inhabited by the poorer class of people, who were all in their beds at the time.

Teddy quickly ran a line of hose into the lower story of the building. Then he saw that the upper stories were filled with people in deadly danger of suffocation by smoke or death by flame.

He saw that there must be prompt action to save them.

The hook-and-ladder truck had not yet come.

But Teddy grasped an axe, and binding a wet handkerchief across his nostrils, he rushed into the smoke-filled hall.

Little tongues of flames darted at him from all sides as he sprang up the rocking stairway.

Up he went. The smoke grew denser, but there was not so much danger from the flames.

Teddy was compelled to get down upon his hands and knees now to find his way along in safety. The smoke was very stifling.

Suddenly there was a movement and a sound like a stifling sob just in front of him. He put out his hand and felt a substance. It was a human body.

"Don't give up!" Teddy cried, in muffled tones. "I have come to save you."

The young fireman bent down over the figure, which was that of a woman. The current of air through the hall indicated that a window was just ahead.

The woman groaned and seemed half insensible. Teddy saw that she was quite helpless.

But he lifted her in his arms and staggered ahead to the window. As he leaned over the sill half fainting, he saw the street below and the fire-boys of Hero Forty-Four.

He tried to shout, but they could not hear him. As it chanced, however, Dick Bent looked up and saw him.

Instantly a ladder was run up to the window and Dick went up it. Teddy passed the body of the woman to him and he carried it safely down to the ground.

As Teddy hung out upon the ladder he looked upward. The sight he beheld nearly froze his blood.

On the edge of the roof of the burning building there were grouped half a dozen of the terrified inmates of the tenement.

Their position was most awful to contemplate. To drop that awful distance to the ground would mean certain death. To remain where they were meant death from the flames.

Teddy realized that something must be done to rescue them. He leaned far out of the window and shouted to them encouragingly.

Before leaving the engine-house Teddy had provided himself with a long coil of rope. This was fastened about his waist.

At a glance he took in the full situation and decided just what to do. He got out upon the window ledge, and, reaching over, grasped a water-pipe.

By means of this he swung himself up to the ledge of the window above. Then once more and he grasped the coping of the roof.

But every instant now he drew nearer the goal of his desire. He drew himself up slowly and went over the edge of the roof. There he lay, a moment, panting. Then he arose and crept along to the crouching half dozen terror-benumbed tenement-dwellers.

Teddy did not stop to make conversation with them. He spoke sharp, stern orders. One end of the rope he passed about the chimney. Then he knotted an end about the waist of a woman and compelled her to slide off the roof. Steadily and slowly Teddy lowered her down to safety.

At last the last one went down. But the fire had gained fearful headway. It was bursting through the roof. Tongues of flame were all about the young fireman. Suddenly they burst out of a window just below. They cut the rope like a knife. It came rattling down into the street.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A THRILLING DISCOVERY.

People on the street gaped and groaned to see the predicament of Teddy Martin, the brave boy fireman.

There seemed actually no hope for him. That he should perish thus after so bravely saving many lives seemed too dreadful to contemplate.

"Cannot somebody give him help?" cried Judge Bent, in agony, as he rushed through the crowd. "Try and put up ladders. Get a blanket and let him leap into it."

But alas! no ladder in the vicinity could reach to that height. Neither was there a blanket at hand.

Meanwhile the building was beginning to tremble as if it would fall. Fresh flames reached the ridge pole. Teddy looked about him in a puzzled way.

Across a narrow alley was another roof. The distance was too great for a leap.

But now on this roof appeared Dick Bent and several others of the boy fire company. Dick crawled to the edge of the roof and shouted:

"Hello, Teddy! We are going to save you. Catch this rope when I throw it to you."

Dick held a coil in his hand. He flung it across the alley. It fell on the burning roof and Teddy grasped it.

It did not take him long to decide what to do with it. He fastened one end about the chimney. Then he swung himself out in midair over the alley.

Of course there was the danger that the flames might at any moment reach the rope and sever it.

But it did not.

Fate had not ordained that young Teddy Martin, the brave boy fireman, was to die thus. Nearer he made his way to the opposite roof.

It was lucky indeed that Teddy was an athlete. He handled himself bravely. Dick and several of the boy fireman were on the verge of the opposite roof, leaning out to grasp him.

And suddenly a great cry went up. The chimney became enveloped in flames. The rope parted.

But Teddy was almost at the edge of the opposite roof. He swung against the side of the building and hung there.

Dick and his companions, however, quickly pulled him up, and in another moment he was in safety.

Then the uproar from the crowd was deafening. They cheered and yelled and threw their hats in the air wildly. It was a joyful time.

The boy fireman had covered himself with glory. Henceforth he was to be the hero of Ashland.

But he was as modest and retiring as if he had done nothing worthy of note.

The fire was soon under control. There had been great danger that the flames would spread to the next building, but this was prevented by energetic work.

Few, however, thought of returning to the ballroom. Certainly none of the firemen, for it was past midnight and they were all much too tired.

So Teddy, who had directed a line of hose after his escape, just as if nothing had happened, started to go home. But Dick Bent overtook him.

"Teddy," he cried, "father wants to see you. Won't you come up to the house and stay with me to-night?"

The engine had been housed and everything fixed right at the engine-house. Some of the boys were to remain on guard at the scene of the fire. There was nothing for the others to do, Dick and Teddy among them, but to go home and to bed.

Teddy looked up in surprise.

"Why, I had not thought of such a thing, Dick," he said. "It would not be right for me to go without letting mother know where I am." Teddy always called Mrs. Martin mother.

"Al' right," agreed Dick. "I will walk around with you while you tell her."

Upon this Teddy agreed to accept Dick's invitation. They were soon at the Martin cottage.

A light burned in the window. Teddy smiled, and said:

"Mother will never go to bed until I return at night. She always persists in waiting up for me."

"She is almost the same to you as an own mother, Teddy."

"My own mother could not be kinder," said Teddy, with feeling.

"You are a lucky fellow, Teddy Martin. But then, you deserve it. You always know how to do the right thing at the right time. You were certainly justified in thrashing that young scoundrel, Tim Walker."

"I always try to be a gentleman, Dick," he said. "But I think my friends will understand that I was cornered and could do no different."

"They understand it well," said Dick, heartily. "Everybody sympathized with you. All the best people in Ashland will cut Tim Walker after this."

"I do not wish to injure him."

"Oh, the general dislike for him dates further back than your affair with him," said Dick. "He was always a bully and very unpopular. But I warn you to look out for him in the future."

"I don't fear him."

"Individually, of course not. But his father is senator and a very wealthy and influential man. They might work you great injury if they chose."

Terry now tripped up the steps and entered the Martin cottage. Mrs. Martin, as Teddy had declared, was waiting for him.

"Why, mother," he cried, kissing her affectionately, "why did you sit up for me? You ought not to lose your sleep."

"I could not sleep, my boy," replied Mrs. Martin, tenderly. "You know I worry about you, for since Bill died you are all I have in whom I can feel an interest."

"You can depend upon one thing, you'll always have me as an infliction," said Teddy, with a merry laugh.

"Make no rash promises, Teddy. But you are wet and look tired——"

"I have just come from a fire."

"Why, my dear child, tell me all about it. And I know you must be hungry. Wait and I will put on the tea——"

"No matter," said Teddy, "I must tell you. Judge Bent wishes to see me on a very important matter and I have promised to spend the night with Dick."

An odd light shone in Mrs. Martin's eyes.

"Judge Bent wishes to see you on important business?" she repeated. "I wonder if it is——sit down a moment, Teddy, and I will tell you something."

"I fear I cannot wait, mother; Dick Bent is waiting at the gate."

"But I must speak. I think the judge wants to see you about your origin, Teddy. Some discoveries have been made lately——"

Teddy's face lit up with an indescribable light.

"Oh, mother!" he cried; "do you really think so? How I would like to know who my real parents are! Oh, to know my own mother and father——"

Teddy paused. The spasm of pain visible in Mrs. Martin's face touched him. Impulsively he threw his arms about her.

"Don't you fear, mother," he cried, fulsomely, "my dear mother will not be dearer to me than you, and will not ask me to take back one bit of my love for you."

It is not altogether that, Teddy," said Mrs. Martin, in a low, sad tone. "I could give you up to your own mother, for I know that her love for you must be stronger than any other. But——"

"What?" asked Teddy.

"I cannot tell you just now, Teddy; you will learn all from Judge Bent."

The boy fireman was now mystified. He looked keenly at his foster-mother.

"Then you will not tell me?" he asked.

"Judge Bent will tell you."

"You will not mind if I do spend the night with Dick?"

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Martin. "You will be home to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Teddy in a few moments joined Dick at the gate, but all the way to the Bent mansion he was strangely quiet and thoughtful.

The Bent mansion was the finest in Ashland. It was very sumptuously furnished, and there was no happier or brighter home in Ohio.

At this late hour, however, the servants had retired. A light burned in the library, however, and as Dick and Teddy entered they saw Judge Bent seated at a table looking over some papers.

He looked up with pleasure at sight of Teddy.

"Ah, my young hero!" he cried, springing up "I am glad to welcome and congratulate you. You have won fame and glory."

Teddy made a modest reply. Judge Bent smiled. Then he grew serious and turned to his table.

"Dick told you that I wished to see you upon an important matter, did he not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Teddy.

"Have a chair, Teddy. I know the hour is late, but it is my best opportunity to talk with you."

Teddy complied and sat down. Dick turned to the door.

"Come up to my room when you get through, Ted," he said. "You know the way."

"All right," replied the young fireman.

Then Judge Bent looked earnestly into Teddy's eyes and said:

"Would you like to know about your mother and father, Teddy?"

Teddy's face glowed.

"Oh, so much!" he cried.

"Well," said the judge, "I must inform you that your mother is dead; but your father is alive and wishes much to see you."

Teddy pressed his hand to his side and gave a little gasp of pain.

"My mother—is dead!" he said, in a slow, hushed voice. Then his lips moved as if in earnest prayer. The judge averted his face as if much affected.

"Mother is dead," he repeated, "but father is alive!"

"The loss of a mother is a keen one, as I know from experience," said the judge, "I can assure you of that. But you must be brave, Teddy. There is another world where she is happily waiting for you."

"Where is her grave?" Teddy asked.

"That I will tell you later. But now, as to your father——"

The judge paused and pain shone in his kindly eyes.

"Where is my father?" asked Teddy.

With a powerful effort the judge was able to reply:

"Your father is in prison!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DARK SHADOW.

Like the crashing of thunder this announcement went through Teddy's brain and soul. For a moment he was stunned. He looked blankly at the judge, and then passed a hand across his eyes as if to clear away mist.

"In prison!" he repeated. "My father in prison?"

The judge did not reply. He could not trust his voice. Teddy had sank back in his chair and was very pale and thoughtful. Suddenly he arose.

"Where are you going?" asked the judge.

"I am going to leave Ashland," said Teddy, in a hoarse voice.

"Leave Ashland!" repeated the judge. "Pray, what for, Teddy?"

"I must go among strangers where I am not known. This disgrace will rob me of my friends, and——"

"No, no!" cried the judge, forcibly. "It will only make your friends more loyal. No, no, Teddy; you must not leave Ashland."

The judge was very eager and earnest. He was a man of deep penetration and tender impulses. He saw that the boy's heart was touched and his honor wounded. He talked with him sympathetically and encouragingly.

Finally, Teddy, under such powerful arguments, began to yield.

"Why, my boy," declared Judge Bent, "not a person in this town bears you enmity. You will simply desert your friends. You must stay."

"If any one were to fling the taunt in my face I would die on the spot," declared Teddy.

"Nobody will," declared the judge, "you need not fear that. You are not to blame for your father's misdeeds."

"Where is my father?"

"In Cincinnati prison."

"How long has he been in prison?"

"Fifteen years."

"What was the charge?"

"Burglary."

Stunned and giddy, Teddy sank back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. His father a burglar! It was too awful to think of.

Never had his pride and honor received such a stab. He felt as if he could never hold up his head among honest people again.

"Don't mind," said Judge Bent, quietly, "all will come out right. Your father will, no doubt, reform and do better. Only think! He comes out of prison to-morrow."

"Yes, and his first thought has been to come here and see you. Now remember, my boy, he is your father. Never mind his faults, receive him kindly."

Teddy staggered to his feet. There was great emotion in his voice as he said:

"I shall do my duty by my father. I—I think I will retire, Judge Bent."

With this he made his way to Dick's room. Dick was already asleep and Teddy tumbled in without disturbing him.

But not to sleep.

The boy fireman's eyes did not close the night long. He could not help but look darkly at the future. A few hours previous the world had looked bright and his life full of promise.

He tried to think that it was all for the best. Perhaps his father had been unjustly dealt with. He might have been falsely convicted.

When morning came he arose unrefreshed and feverish. Dick leaped up, all life and spirit. But a glance showed him that Teddy was not in the best of spirits.

At once Dick grew sober. He watched his cousin narrowly and then suddenly went up and grasped his hand.

Say, Ted, old boy," he said, "I can see what's eating you, and I tell you to drop it. You are not to blame for what your father has done. People won't snub you. If they do they'll snub me, too, for I'll stick by you through thick and thin!"

Teddy embraced his young friend warmly and then they went down to breakfast.

The judge and Alice were already there. Teddy's heart sank and his face crimsoned as he wondered what Alice would think of him now that it was known that his father was a jail-bird.

He would not have been at all surprised, nor would he have blamed her, had she met him coolly. But she did not.

Never had Teddy seen her so vivacious, so jolly and kindly in a marked way to him. The boy fireman's courage at once returned.

He felt that if she did not scorn him he could face the world. It made a great change in him.

"Now, Teddy, won't you stay and drive out with us this morning? We shall be glad of your company."

"Indeed we shall," said Alice, with a bewitching smile.

But Teddy arose politely.

"I have already trespassed on your hospitality," he said. "I thank you kindly, but I must go down to the engine-house and also home to tell Mrs. Martin the news."

"Very well, if you must," said Judge Bent, "but you will make this house your home as you please, Teddy. You know I look upon you almost as a son."

"And I look upon you as my brother," cried Dick, impulsively. "And I know Sis does, too. Don't you, Sis?"

"I assure you that I do," replied Alice, blushing scarlet.

Teddy went first to the engine-house. He worked there during the morning and then went home.

Mrs. Martin was deep in her cooking as Teddy came in. She dropped her rolling-pin and sank into a chair at sight of him.

"Mercy sakes alive, Teddy Martin!" she exclaimed. "What has happened to you? Are you sick?"

Teddy wearily sat down.

"No, mother," he said, "I am not sick. But I don't feel very well."

"Well, I never! I'll mix you up some camomile tea right off, and—"

"No, no, mother," said Teddy, earnestly, "I am not physically ill. It is only something on my mind."

Mrs. Martin looked steadily at Teddy for half a minute. Her eyes were round as saucers.

"Something on your mind?" she said, wonderingly. "I know you can't have done anything wrong."

"Oh, no, it's nothing I have done."

"Well, then, what is it?" asked the good woman, rising from the chair. "Won't you tell me what it is, Teddy?"

"Yes, I will, mother. In one way it is bad news, in another it is good."

"Well, I'd like to know—"

"I have received word from my father."

Mrs. Martin reeled and gasped, and then sank down again into her chair. She huskily repeated:

"Your father!"

"Yes."

"But, Lord bless you, child, nobody knows who your parents were."

"Yes, Judge Bent knows. He told me all about it. Some time to-day my father is coming here."

Mrs. Martin was very much excited.

"And you are going away with him?" she asked.

"No!" he said, forcibly. "I will never leave you, not for my father or anybody else."

"So your own father has turned up alive, Teddy?" she cried. "Tell me all about it."

"I know very little about it," said Teddy; "but one dreadful fact—you may despise me when you know it."

Mrs. Martin looked up in surprise.

"Why, what do you mean, Teddy?"

"I mean that my father is a jail-bird and a criminal."

Mrs. Martin dropped her fork with a clatter upon the table.

"Teddy Martin!" she gasped. "Are you speaking the truth?"

"Judge Bent told me all. He comes out of prison to-day, where he has been serving fifteen years for burglary. He is coming here to see me. Oh, mother, now you know all!"

"But what do you care, Teddy? People will not like you the less."

"But they cannot have the same respect for me. To think of my father as a burglar."

"There, there, my dear lad," said Mrs. Martin, soothingly, "don't think anything more about it. I reckon 'll will come out right in the end. Heaven has done this for some good purpose. Remember he is your father, no matter what he has done."

"I shall not forget that."

"That is right. Now be brave and meet the emergency as you well know how. Perhaps you will be very happy. Your father may be guiltless. Many people are convicted of crimes they do not commit."

Much comforted and cheered, Teddy regained his composure. Mrs. Martin had been doing some deep thinking. Suddenly she looked up with an inspiration.

"Teddy," she said, "I think it is very queer."

"What?"

"How does anybody know this burglar or jail-bird is your father?"

"Judge Bent told me so."

"Yes, but how does he know?"

"He said that Joyce, which is the man's name, sent for him to come to prison, and told him all about it. He said that he and his wife, who was my mother, had been separated by his sentence to prison. He explained the fact of my being tied to the trundle bed as the probable precaution of my mother to prevent my getting into mischief while she was out."

"But your mother—"

"She was very destitute and unable to support me. Seeing that I had got into good hands she did not attempt to claim me, hoping to do that later when she would be better able to support me."

"This was his story."

"Yes."

Mrs. Martin nodded her head slowly.

"And your mother died?"

"Yes."

"It may all be true, but it is very hard to believe that you came of such parentage. However, Teddy, that does not affect you."

Teddy was about to make reply when a startling sound arrested him. It came in from the street, with the distant clangor of bells.

"Fire! fire!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### BURNING MILL.

Instinctively Teddy leaped up from the table. He raised his hand in a mute salute to his foster-mother. Then grabbing his hat he was out of the house like a flash.

It was a good run from the Martin house to the engine-house.

But despite this, Teddy was one of the first there. He seized his trumpet and led the line of fire-boys.

Dick Bent was by his side.

"It'll be a big fire and dangerous work," he said. "It's the shoddy mills in East Ashland."

"The shoddy mills!" exclaimed Teddy. "That is a long run. We ought to have a horse on the hose."

"That is true."

However, the fire-boys started. They were out of the engine-house like a flash. Then began the long run.

Before the fire was reached some of them were well spent. But yet they would not give up.

The East Ashland shoddy mills were of large extent. The buildings were of wood and rather ramshackle.

Hero Forty-Four, as usual, was the first at the fire.

Teddy took in the situation at a glance. The left wing of the mill was in flames. The mill yard was crowded with people.

The fire-boys burst through these and at once ran a line of hose up to the second story of the mill.

The excitement was tremendous. People crowded so near the fire that it was hard for the firemen to work.

Teddy ordered the hose turned on them and this had a salutary effect. They fell back a bit.

It seemed as if every one must be safely out of this wing of the mill. The alarm had been given in good season and precautions taken.

This would seem a matter for great rejoicing but just as the other fire companies arrived a great cry or horror went up.

People screamed and pointed to the upper story of the mill. There, over the window ledge, leaned a terrified, white-faced mill girl.

Where she had come from or how it happened that she had been left behind was a mystery.

However, there she was in awful peril. The flames were bursting through the windows on either side of her.

"My soul! Do you see that girl, Teddy?" cried Dick Bent. "She is a goner!"

Teddy looked up.

There seemed no possible way to reach the endangered girl. It did not seem that she could be possibly saved.

But Teddy was not to be balked. He quickly ran along the further end of the burning building. He picked up a coil of rope and wound it about his waist.

On the other side of the mill was the river. The mill wall here ran within two feet or less of the side of the building.

Teddy sprang upon this wall. He ran along it and reached the end of the wing. On this side the flames had not yet burst out.

A great sycamore grew very close to the mill wall, and between it and the river. Teddy saw that a limb of this reached almost to the sill of one of the upper windows.

At once he went up the sycamore like a squirrel.

He crept out along the limb to the window-sill. He smashed the window frame and crept into the burning building.

When he entered through the broken window, Teddy saw that the flames had not yet reached this side of the mill. He was in the third story.

He remembered that the imprisoned girl was in the fourth story. He ran between the line of looms and looked for the stairs.

But he saw that they were enveloped in flames. In that moment the young fireman almost gave up hope of rescuing the girl.

But a sudden thought came to him.

He went back to the window. Leaning out he saw the lower ledge of the window above almost within reach.

Teddy balanced himself very carefully and then swung up on a part of the window frame. He was just able to reach the ledge above.

Now Teddy did what can only be done by a trained athlete. He drew himself up to the ledge of the sill and, hanging there on one arm, dashed his fist through the glass and caught his arm on the inner part of the window frame.

The rest was easy. He drew himself up and into the room. He rested one instant after this tremendous exertion.

The room was full of smoke. He could see nothing. The roar of the flames drowned his voice.

Teddy had only a general idea of the location of the girl whom he sought to save. Getting down low he dashed through the smoke. Suddenly a current of air struck his face.

Then there was a roar and a crash and he felt the floor giving way beneath his feet.

He threw up his hands and clutched at something. There he hung, while a yawning abyss of blackness was beneath him.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A BRAVE RESCUE.

It was a happy impulse which prompted Teddy to throw up his hands and clutch at something above him. They had closed upon an iron truss which supported part of the roof.

The section of floor beneath his feet, which had fallen, was hardly a dozen feet square. But if he had gone down with it his fate would have been sealed.

Teddy clung to the iron truss while a great shower of dust and sparks and cinders and smoke rolled up around him.

In that awful moment he might well be excused in believing himself lost.

But again his lucky star was in the ascendant. Fortunately a strong current of air rushed in to fill the vacuum and afforded him relief from the smoke just in time to avert suffocation.

He clung to the iron girder now with fresh hope.

Presently he began to make his way along it, hand over hand. Water had begun to pour into the abyss below and for a time the smoke and flame were cleared away.

Teddy saw an excellent chance to make his way now to a spot where the floor was stable. So he slid along the girder and then dropped down upon the section of sound flooring.

But he was by no means out of danger. There was a certainty that this part of the mill would be destroyed. He could not hope to remain there long.

Neither could he return the way he had come. Retreat was cut off.

All this while he had seen nothing of the young girl whom he sought to rescue. But he knew now how to reach the front windows. The light of the flames showed him, though, that nearly all of these had been filled with flames.

But there was a section which the flames had not reached. Thither he at once rushed.

He reached one of the windows. It was open and he put his head out. Instantly he was seen by the crowd below.

A mighty shout went up:

"Teddy Martin! Teddy, the life-saver! He will save her!"

When he heard these cries Teddy knew that the terrified mill-girl was yet in the building. This settled all doubt.

He drew back quickly and ran to the next window. But she was not to be seen anywhere. What did it mean? Had she fallen into some abyss in the fire-eaten floor?

He drew back into the room and shouted loudly. His voice, however, was drowned in the roar of the flames.

He now adopted a new method. It occurred to him that possibly overcome by terror or the smoke the girl had fainted and was lying helpless on the floor.

He got down upon his knees and began to make a blind search. This proved a happy thought, for it brought success.

Suddenly his hand came in contact with clothing. He felt the outlines of a human form.

It was the girl overcome by smoke. She chanced to be slender and light, and Teddy lifted her easily. He turned to the nearest window.

But it was filled with flame. So were the others. Escape in that direction was absolutely cut off.

There was but little time. The whole building was rocking as if about to fall.

Something desperate must be done at once. Teddy looked about with one last despairing thrill of hope. Then he saw the ladder leading up to the skylight.

In an instant and without hesitation he mounted this. In a few moments he was on the roof.

The roof of this wing of the mill was divided from the main body of the structure by only a few feet. Teddy easily leaped this.

He fell half exhausted as he thus reached safety. The shock caused the girl to revive.

She opened her eyes and looked up into Teddy's face. Then a wild cry of fear escaped her.

"Oh, the fire! The awful fire!" she cried.

"Have no fear," said Teddy, "you are perfectly safe now."

"Who are you?"

"I am one of the firemen."

Just at this moment Dick Bent and a number of the boys of Hero Forty-Four appeared on the roof with a line of hose. They were about to throw a stream on that side of the building.

"Teddy!" cried Dick, wildly. "How did you escape? We gave you up for lost. Every floor in that wing has been burned out. The walls are falling now."

"My soul!" gasped Teddy, "I was none too soon."

"And you saved the girl? Hooray, boys! Teddy has made himself a hero again."

The boys of Hero Forty-Four cheered wildly. It was a great joy to them to know that their young chief was safe.

The rescued girl was restored to her friends below. Teddy remained on the roof with his boys to help fight the flames.

Such good work was done that that wing of the mill only was destroyed. It was remarkable work. Not until evening was the fire declared entirely out.

Then the fire companies began to slowly wend their way homeward. Teddy and Dick Bent walked together back into the town.

Then they parted. Dick went his way and Teddy returned

to Mrs. Martin, who anxiously awaited him. As he entered the cottage his foster-mother cried:

"I have heard it all, Teddy. You were the hero as usual. You always manage to save human life."

"Fortune was with me," said Teddy. "You don't know how near I came to losing my life."

Mrs. Martin shivered.

"I wish you would give up a fireman's life, Teddy," she said. "Ashland is the worst town for fires I ever saw. Something will certainly befall you."

But Teddy laughed merrily. He changed his wet clothing and sat down to supper.

He did justice to the meal, for he was hungry. He had barely finished, however, when the door-bell rang.

"Callers!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "I wonder who it can be?"

A sudden change came over Teddy's face. He turned deadly pale.

In the excitement of the fire he had forgotten the incidents of the previous twelve hours. Now he exclaimed:

"I think I know who it is."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "Do you mean——"

"My father? Yes."

But Mrs. Martin was now at the door. She opened it and a cheery voice came to Teddy's ears.

"Is our young fireman here?" cried the voice of Judge Bent. "If so, I have a surprise for him."

"Yes, he is here," said Mrs. Martin.

Then into the room came the genial judge. With him was another man to whom he said:

"Peter Joyce, here is the lad whom you call your son. He is one of whom any father in this land might be proud."

Teddy arose and stood erect in the presence of his father.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A HARD CROSS TO BEAR.

Peter Joyce stood revealed in the lamplight. As Teddy looked upon him his courage fell and his heart sickened. He grew painfully weak in the knees.

Joyce was roughly dressed. His hands were coarse and horny; like those of a man of toil.

Father and son were as totally unlike as could well be imagined. Joyce's bleared eyes rested upon Teddy.

A curious light glinted in them.

"Hello, kid!" he said, gruffly. "Ye've grown up ter be a handsome fellow, hain't ye? One of ther upper ten, hey? Humph! I reckon ye'll not be very proud of yer father."

"You are not exactly the kind of man I pictured as my father," he said, quietly.

Joyce grinned, curiously.

"No, I reckon I ain't. Don't hardly want to own me, do ye?"

"Yes," said Teddy, with all the warmth he could muster. "As you are my father, I am thankful to have you restored to me. I will admit that I could have wished you different, and that you had never known the hardship of a prison life; but as my father I shall try and love and be loyal to you."

Teddy held out his hand.

Still grinning, Joyce took it.

"Waal, that's good, reasonable talk," he said. "I like to find a dutiful son. Of course, ye know yer father's in hard luck just now. I hain't got nowhere to lay my head."

Teddy was now in distress. He gazed at Mrs. Martin, whose face was Sphinx-like. Then he said, impulsively:

"You shall have my bed. If you are hungry sit down and eat. Mother, may I be permitted to accord this to my father?"

Mrs. Martin averted her face and spoke in the affirmative. To all this Judge Bent had been a quiet and absorbed listener.

As for Joyce, he began to pull off his jacket with great satisfaction. He smacked his lips in eager anticipation.

Mrs. Martin placed food on the table.

"Waal," said Joyce, coarsely, "you kin bet that this is summet like livin'. I knew my dear son would look out fer his poor old daddy. I've been a long time between prison walls."

"I trust you will live a better life in the future, Joyce," said Judge Bent.

Joyce flashed an ugly glance at the judge.

"Thet will be my bizness," he said, defiantly. "But I kin tell ye one thing, the next time I try a deal you kin bet I'll cover my tracks."

Teddy could stand this no longer. With white face and rigid manner he said:

"As my father you will yield me the respect to never blacken your soul with another deed of crime."

Joyce whistled and laid down his knife and fork.

"Waal, now," he said, leeringly, "I am dumfusticated! To think of my son talking to me in that way. I'll tell ye one thing: Pete Joyce allus did as he pleased, and he allus will."

"Tut, tut!" said the judge, sternly. "Your son's advice was good and timely, Joyce. He is disposed to do much for you. I hope you will appreciate it."

Joyce made no reply, but began to eat, ravenously. Presently he looked up and said:

"Got any hard drinks?"

"Any what?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Eh!" ejaculated the convict. "Don't give me a jolly. Beer or whisky will do me, mix 'em, I don't keer which. See?"

"No liquor is kept in this house," said Mrs. Martin, with asperity.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Joyce. "I'm sorry, for it would save me the trouble of going out after it."

With this he arose and felt in his pockets.

"Look here, my dear son," he said, with a chuckle, "your poor old father has no money."

Teddy drew a banknote from his pocket and silently tendered it to him. The convict's eyes glittered.

At this juncture Judge Bent arose.

"Well," he said, genially, "I must return home. I shall see you again very soon. Good night."

Teddy followed his good friend to the door. The judge impulsively grasped Teddy's hand.

"My boy," he said, "this is going to be a hard cross for you to bear, but be brave."

Teddy's voice choked.

"I thank you, Judge Bent," he said. "But I feel as if my life was ruined. To think of my own father being like that. Oh, I know it is wicked, but I can't feel a particle of love for him!"

Judge Bent longed to say what he felt, that Joyce was a cantankerous scoundrel, devoid of all grace, but he did not. He again wrung Teddy's hand and hurried away.

When Teddy returned to the dining-room, Joyce had cocked his feet upon the table and was lighting a black pipe.

"Father," said Teddy, respectfully, "my mother objects to tobacco smoke. I hope you will not smoke in the house."

Joyce blinked at him sullenly.

"What's thet?" he sneered. "No woman ever run my house."

"Well, there's a woman runs this house," said Teddy, losing forbearance. "And you and I must yield to her wishes."

Finally, to change the subject and in the hope of softening him, Teddy said:

"Tell me something of my mother, who I know must have been an earthly angel."

Joyce stared at Teddy.

"Yer mother!" he ejaculated. "Oh, she was a pooty good sort of a woman, only she lacked force. Thet was all. Every time I happened to kick her——"

In a flash Teddy was on his feet. His eyes were like balls of fire.

"What!" he gritted. "You dare to tell me that you so maltreated my mother as to kick her? Ah, I am not an infant now; and were she alive to-day and I could see you strike or kick her, I would forget that you were my father, and——"

"Well," leered Joyce, "what would ye do? Got a lot of sentiment, hain't ye? But the world will knock that out of ye."

Teddy turned his back and struggled with his emotions. He could bear the strain no longer. He sank into a chair and gave way to tears.

Joyce watched him curiously for a time. Then he arose and started for the door. At once Teddy asked:

"Father, where are you going?"

"What do you care!" leered Joyce. "I'm goin' ter git out around the town. It's quite a treat to me. Ye needn't sit up for me. Jest give me your latch-key; thet's all I want. So long, my sonny!"

With this, Joyce staggered to the door and it clanged behind him. Teddy made no effort to stay him.

But when he had gone, the brave boy fireman collapsed. He sank down upon a sofa in complete abandonment.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN INSULT.

An hour passed and yet Joyce did not return. He came in about three o'clock and he was very drunk.

He had evidently visited all the barrooms in the town and had spent all the money Teddy gave him.

Teddy assisted him into the house and to bed.

In a few moments the maudlin drunkard was asleep. Teddy sat down beside the bed and tried to convince himself that this was only a horrible nightmare, which would soon pass away.

"I will do my duty by my father," he resolved. "I will reason with him. I will elevate him and turn his footsteps into the right path."

Then weariness came over him. His head bowed and he slept. Nature and health asserted themselves.

When Teddy awoke the sun was shining into the chamber. He started up and looked about him.

As he did so he saw that his father was awake and had his wolfish eyes fixed upon him.

"Well, lad," he growled, "what's the day? I'm powerful hungry. Are you going to see your poor old father starve?"

Teddy arose and dressed himself. Mrs. Martin was already up and dressed, and soon had breakfast ready.

After Joyce had partaken of this, he relaxed his vicious manner somewhat and became more genial.

"I reckon you people think I am a rough 'un," he said; "but ye se, that's the way I was brought up. I hope ye'll git used to me."

"I am sure we shall get along nicely," said Mrs. Martin, very kindly.

"I know we shall," cried Teddy, impulsively. "Oh, father! I know you will give up drinking for my sake. Will you not?"

There was pleading and protest in Teddy's voice and manner. Joyce turned his diamond-like eyes curiously upon him.

"Sho!" he ejaculated. "Don't ye ever take a nifter yeself?"

"I do not approve of drinking," said Teddy. "I never tasted a glass of liquor in my life."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Joyce, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Then ye don't know what ye've missed."

Thus the convict proved himself wholly incorrigible. For every plea he had an answer; for every argument a plausible defense.

Teddy was again almost in despair. Thus a week passed. But, somewhat singularly, Joyce did not take a glass of liquor in that time. He loafed about the town, was always in the barrooms, but was sure to be home at meal time and bed time.

This fact encouraged Teddy. He sought to lead his father into elevating topics, planned little intellectual diversions and otherwise sought to wield an influence for the good over him.

And it seemed as if he was certainly succeeding. But one day Joyce failed to come home.

In fact, nothing was seen of him for two days. When he returned he was exceedingly savage and reticent in his manner.

He would vouchsafe no explanation of his whereabouts during that time. Teddy was not only alarmed, but wholly mystified.

He feared that his father was the victim of temporary mental aberrations, and might, some day, do harm to himself or others. He did not seem rational.

But one day Joyce came to him and said:

"Ye look like a lad of spirit. Have ye got any grit?"

"Well, I never flinch from duty," replied Teddy.

"Aw, I don't mean such stuff as that. Look here! Do ye know ye're making a mistake in goin' on in this way?"

"What do you mean?"

"Waal, just this: You're makin' a bare livin' here in Ashland. I believe ye are smart enough to make a good livin' somewhere else."

"I hardly care to leave Ashland," said Teddy. "I have many friends here."

"Drat yer friends! If ye have money in plenty ye'll never lack friends, ye kin bet."

"I shall stay in Ashland."

"Jes' so! I expected it. Now I kin put ye onto a job that'll make yer fortin in a jiffy. Ye won't take it? That's what I thought. Waal, keep on bein' a fool!"

Teddy made no reply.

There was a faint suspicion lurking uncomfortably in his mind that the strange absence of Joyce might be connected with some dishonest scheme.

But he rejected this as far as he could, yet he tried to keep as close a watch as possible on the convict.

Thus matters were when one day Teddy dropped into a

downtown club-room and met a number of the young men of the town. Dick Bent, Jack Vane and Harry Brown at once proceeded to rally him in a jolly way.

"We've made up our minds you've turned hermit, Ted," cried Jack Vane.

"That's right," cried Harry Brown. "Why don't you turn out with the boys now? You give us the cut."

"I'll tell you why," said a hoarse, exulting voice behind Teddy. "He's so fearfully ashamed of his convict father that he don't dare show his head in good society!"

The speaker was Tim Walker, who was Teddy's natural enemy.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

For a moment the room swam about Teddy Martin. He had expected and dreaded this very blow.

And it had come. Tim Walker was the one to deliver it.

For a moment a pin might have been heard to drop in the place. Teddy stood white-faced and staring into vacancy. His heart had given one mad leap, and seemed about to burst.

The blow had hurt.

Slowly Teddy turned and faced Walker. Very slowly a flush crept up into his temples.

"You have spoken the truth, Tim Walker," he said, quietly. "I admit it."

"Then you have more good sense than I thought you had," sneered the young scoundrel.

"Just the same, the man is my father, and I shall do my duty by him," continued Teddy, in a voice of steel. "If I have a friend who wishes to desert me on that account, the sooner he makes it known to me the better I shall be pleased."

"Ho!" sneered Walker. "You can't hold your head quite so high now, can you? Pride always has a fall."

"For shame, Walker!" said Dick Bent, angrily. "You show yourself a cad and a chump to say such things."

"That's right!" chorused the other boys.

Walker turned upon Dick.

"Oh, of course, you'd stick up for him," he snapped. "I wonder what you think now about letting your sister marry him!"

This astounding remark, certainly in bad taste, was like a bombshell. There was a dazed silence. Then Teddy could restrain himself no longer.

"Sir!" he said, in a deep voice, "I cannot let such an insinuation go by unpunished. That young lady's name has never before been coupled with mine and it is vile and cowardly in you to do it now. Retract the statement or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"That shot told, didn't it?" he cried, exultantly. "Oh, the truth pinches. You know you have no chance to get her now."

"You scoundrel! Dare not speak of that young lady again! Her name is too pure and sacred to be used so lightly."

"Is that so?" jeered Walker, aggressively. "What'll you do about it?"

"I'll thrash you!"

"You will, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"You are not able to do it!"

"Take care!"

"Yes, I will take care. The opportunity I have sought has come. You acted the coward at the ball that night. Here in the presence of these gentlemen you will not dare to squeal. You shall fight me!"

"Do you mean it?" asked Teddy.

"I do. Will Carew here will be my second. There is a good, quiet spot back of the court house. Nobody will interfere. If you are not a coward you'll be there in half an hour."

Teddy bowed lightly.

"I'll be there," he said. "I do not approve of fighting, but I am convinced that you deserve thrashing and you shall have it."

Walker laughed scornfully and walked away with Carew. Instantly the other boys shook hands with Teddy.

"You're all right, Ted!"

"He's a coward and a cad!"

"You'll thrash him!"

"If I do not," said Teddy, with clutched hands, "you may put me down as a coward. And that, I hope I'll never be!"

"If you don't thrash him I shall," said Dick Bent, with flashing eyes. "And I believe I'll do it anyway."

"There's one thing sure," said Harry Brown. "Tim Walker has made himself unpopular in this town."

"All the fellows dislike him," said Jack Vane. "And I know the girls detest him."

Teddy's eyes were half filled with tears, which would come. It is said to be unmanly to weep. But there are times when the strongest men will yield to emotion.

"There, Teddy," said Dick, locking arms with him as they walked out of the club. "You must not mind the cruel words of that Tim Walker. Everybody in the town knows your position and everybody sympathizes with you. Be sure of that."

"It is very kind of you, Dick," said Teddy. "I shall never forget it."

"Shall I be your second?"

"I wanted to ask you, but I feared that——"

"Nonsense! Don't dare ever to question my loyalty to you, Teddy. 'I'd go through fire and water for you.'"

They walked out upon the street. It was not far to the little enclosed green back of the court house and they were there on time.

Those boys who had been present when the challenge was given came along behind.

To a man they were in sympathy with Teddy.

Walker and Carew were already there. They were stripped to the waist and engaged in sparring practice.

Walker looked around and smiled cynically as Teddy and Dick appeared.

"Oh, you concluded to come, did you?" he flung out, tauntingly. "Couldn't well get out of it, could you?"

Teddy vouchsafed no answer. He very coolly threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Are you ready?" he asked, curtly.

"Aren't you going to strip?" asked Walker, in surprise.

"It isn't necessary to strip to defeat you," said Teddy, quietly.

"Oh, it isn't eh?" he said. "Well, I think we'd better define the rules. No hitting in clinches ten seconds down for a knockout——"

"The usual ring rules," said Teddy. "My second will arrange it."

This occupied but a few moments. A ring was formed and the combatants entered it.

Walker began feinting and dancing with much agility, after the manner of the regular prize-fighter. Teddy simply faced him and awaited an attack.

"Don't dare to lead, do ye?" sneered Walker. "Tom Brisco, the middle-weight, gave me lessons for six months. Oh, I'll make you sick!"

"Well, if he gave you lessons for ten years he couldn't make a boxer of you," said Teddy.

"You think so, do you?"

"I am sure of it!"

"Well, take that!"

Walker lunged and tried for a swing. He missed it, for Teddy merely ducked his head and was safe. He made no attempt at a return.

Walker was muscular and a hard hitter. It was plain also that he had tricks and science taught him by the professional boxer.

But Teddy was crafty. He wished first to develop his foe's tactics. Then he could decide how to meet him.

So he used patience and simply maintained a defensive attitude. For five rounds he held out thus. No damage was done to either.

Then Walker began to get bolder. He mistook Teddy's tactics for weakness and cowardice.

He made a confident rush, swung wide and then made an uppercut. The grass was slippery and Teddy went down like a feather. It was unexpected and startled his friends.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TAINTED VICTORY.

But a close observer might have seen that this was only a clever device on Teddy's part to escape the uppercut and also to deceive his opponent.

The referee counted five, and Teddy slowly arose. He pretended to stagger slightly. An exultant grin was on Walker's face.

He said confidently to his second:

"I'll finish him now!"

So waiting for what he conceived a favorable opportunity, he made a rush calculated to beat Teddy to the earth in insensible condition.

But right here Walker ran up against a snag.

Suddenly his little opponent straightened up. Like a flash his manner changed.

He blocked the terrific swing dexterously and rushed in to closer quarters. Right and left trip hammer blows on Walker's face drew the claret.

Stunned and astonished Walker backed away a bit and grew more wary. The blood trickled from his damaged nose.

He shook his head in a bewildered way. Then anger seized him. He was getting ready for a rush.

But he never made it.

His opponent made it instead. Like a lithe panther Teddy sprung forward. He was not groggy, he was not weak. His science was superior, his blows harder.

He forced Walker to his corner and fairly thrashed him to his knees, when the referee called the round.

Teddy's friends cheered him.

"Bravo, Teddy!"

"You'll lick him!"

"We thought you were playing off. Go in and thrash him now."

Walker was not so confident. His left eye was half closed, his nose swollen and his cheek puffed out. Teddy was unscratched.

As the next round was called Teddy stepped forward and said:

"I have no wish to carry this fight further. If Mr. Walker will declare that he has had satisfaction, I would rather stop!"

"That shows you're a coward," hissed Walker. "You're afraid to fight me to a finish. You think because you happened to get in a crack or two that you have got me licked. Why, I'll let you up this round."

Teddy said no more but squared away. He had no desire to injure his opponent. Yet he could not withdraw. He could see no way but to deal him a stunning blow.

So he fought for this end. Walker was wary and careful. He made several swings but Teddy always lucked them.

Suddenly he left an opening. Quick as a flash Teddy rushed. He swung under Walker's guard and caught the jaw.

Down went the big bully like a log. Teddy picked up his coat and put it on.

The fight was over.

Walker was so stunned that he could not rise for fifteen seconds. The defeat was fair.

Teddy's friends crowded about him congratulating him warmly.

"You licked him fair and square."

"Good for you, Teddy."

"He deserved it."

By this time Walker was upon his feet. His wrath was fearful to witness. He tried to rush after Teddy.

"It was a chance blow," he cried. "You can't do it again. I'll lay for you again, Teddy Martin."

But all this fell unheeded on Teddy's hearing. All would have been extremely satisfactory to the young fireman but for an unexpected incident.

A loud voice, couple with an oath, broke upon the ears of all.

"By jingo! You're a chip of the old block, lad! You did him up to a handsome tune. Why, I'll put ye again the best lightweight in the country fer a fortune."

The boys all fell back before the burly figure which advanced. Teddy looked up into the bleared and admiring face of his father.

Joyce held out his hand, but Teddy ignored it. He stared as if turned to stone. His face was white as death.

"What's the matter with ye, lad? Ain't sick, are ye, arter sech a game fight? Did ye git one in the wind?"

Teddy mustered up all his strength to make reply.

"No, I am uninjured. You do not understand. I was compelled to fight this fellow!"

Joyce looked surprised. He stared at the other boys.

"What's thet got to do with it?" he said. "Ye licked him an' he's bigger'n you. I'm proud of ye!"

"I am not proud of myself," said Teddy, coldly. "I'll never fight again."

With this he started stiffly away. He thought only of reaching home as soon as possible.

He regretted now having resented the insult of Walker. After all, the latter might be right and he was not fit to go in good society.

The boy friends of the young fireman silently and respectfully drew away. They all felt sorry for Teddy. But pity was not a balm for his feelings now.

"I say, lad!" shouted his father after him. "Tell the old lady I'll not be home to-night. I've got an engagement with a friend. See?"

Teddy started for home. To his surprise as he entered the house, there sat his father at the table eating a hearty meal.

But he was silent and sullen and would not speak. Teddy was in no mood to talk, either.

He ate his supper and then went at once to bed.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FIRE AT THE HOTEL.

Teddy's slumber was refreshing. He had an indistinct recollection afterwards of hearing a window softly opened, and the gentle thud of feet on the turf outside the house.

But he sank again into a dreamless sleep. Suddenly, however, a strange sound filled his ears.

It was distant and monotonous. Moreover, it was familiar and thrilled his whole being.

For a moment he was chained to the bed. Then, with a mighty effort, he broke the dreamgod's hold and rolled out of bed.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The distant uproar of the fire bells now came plainly to his hearing. Instantly he was wide awake.

The fireman's instinct surprised all else. Forgotten were troubles, trials and everything but the fact that there was a fire and he was needed.

Teddy jumped into his clothes with incredible swiftness. Down the stairs and into the street he rushed.

He was among the first at the engine-house of Hero Forty-Four.

Leading the boy fire company he caused the engine to be hauled out into the street.

"Do you know what the fire is, Teddy?" asked Dick Bent.

"No," replied Teddy.

"Well, it is the Ashland Hotel. The work of an incendiary, no doubt."

"Then human lives are endangered!"

"Yes."

"Enough!" cried Teddy. "We must lose no time. Forward all!"

Away went Hero Forty-Four clanging up the street. It was not a long run to the burning hotel.

It seemed as if the whole town was aroused. The crowd of people which gathered in an incredibly short space of time was enormous.

They thronged the streets in a solid body. It required the best efforts of the police to keep them back.

Hero Forty-Four got the first line of hose upon the fire. Hook and Ladder No. 1 now appeared with a rush and ladders were placed to the first story of the hotel.

There were numbers of people in the windows on all sides crying for help. The firemen were busy getting these down.

Some thrilling rescues were made. In one instance, with Dick Bent's help, Teddy brought a woman down from the third story in safety.

The ladders would reach no higher. The people in the fourth story were obliged to descend by means of ropes.

All this had been taking place on the front side of the hotel. It occurred to Teddy that there might be people at the rear windows. So he called to Dick.

"Come on!" he said. "Are you willing to follow me?"

"Anywhere!" cried Dick.

"Come on then!"

With this the two young firemen ascended to the third story of the hotel. They climbed in at a window.

They passed through the chamber in which they found themselves and entered a long hall. The smoke here was lifted by a current of air.

They made their way, therefore, very easily through this. In a short while they were at the rear of the hotel.

The light from the flames lit up several of the chambers as they passed. Suddenly from one of the chambers there dashed a man.

His figure was only visible a moment and then was swallowed up in the smoke.

But the two firemen had seen a startling fact.

The fellow's arms were loaded with valuables. Was he one of the guests of the house trying to save his property?

Or was he, as the suspicion crossed Teddy's and Dick's minds, a sneak thief and possibly the incendiary who had fired the hotel to cover his dark deeds?

"Who is that, Dick?" asked Teddy, strongly. "It seems to me that looks queer!"

"Let's see!"

Dick dodged into the room just vacated by the unknown. A glance was enough.

The room had been ransacked. The bureau drawers were removed and turned inside out. In the panic the hotel lodgers

had thought only of their lives and had left their valuables behind.

Several rooms were entered by the two firemen. Each showed the work of the fire-bug thief.

"That's just the game, Teddy," cried Dick. "This hotel has been set on fire by thieves, that they might plunder it in the confusion."

"I believe you're right," declared Teddy.

"In that event, if we can capture a thief we ought to do it!"

"Let us chase that fellow!"

"All right!"

They dashed down the hall through the smoke. But the thief had vanished. Whether he was ransacking other rooms or not they did not know.

At this moment they came to a flight of stairs leading to the floor below. The fire had not yet reached these.

Teddy cried:

"Dick, you remain on this floor. I will go down and search that floor and return later."

"All right, Teddy," agreed Dick.

So Teddy dashed down the stairs. He found the smoke more dense on that floor and he was able only, with difficulty, to find his way about.

But, suddenly, he heard shuffling footsteps. A figure brushed past him.

He clutched it and was rewarded with a fierce oath. Teddy lost his hold on the unknown.

But he started in pursuit. He knew the fellow was one of the sneak thieves. He was bound to catch him.

And he suddenly ran against him in the smoke. They grappled and then Teddy felt his feet go out from under him.

They fell, and as chance had it, rolled down the next flight of stairs. As they struck the bottom they came into the blinding light of the flames.

Teddy was on top and was holding his man. Suddenly he relaxed his hold and sprang up. The thief did the same.

There in the glare of the flames the two stood tiger-like staring at each other. Crouching at the foot of the stairs was a type of human fiend, a coarse, brutal visaged man.

"My soul!" gasped Teddy. "It is my own father."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### OUT OF THE FLAMES

The expression upon Joyce's face as he crouched there in Teddy's full view was most demoniac.

"You!" he gritted. "Did you pursue me? Did you come here to betray me?"

"What has brought you here?" asked Teddy, coldly.

"That's my business!"

"I know."

"Well, what?"

"You have fired this hotel and set about plundering it. You have enlisted other thieves in the awful job."

Joyce laughed jeeringly.

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "I've got to have employment. I can't stay idle all my life."

"Did I not suffer to get you honest work, and you refused?"

"Work? Slavery, you mean. What is two or three dollars a day to a man of my fastidious tastes? No, I've got to play for big game, see?"

"Even if it makes you a murderer."

"Aw, don't be so squeamish! You needn't put on airs. These aristocrats never will take you in. They'll turn you down by and by as they did me once!"

"You turned yourself down," said Teddy, bitterly. "Why did you return here to curse my life? Why did you not allow me to remain in blissful ignorance of my parents, that they might have remained angels as I have always dreamed of them?"

"That's a nice way to talk to your dad, I must say!"

"I am getting ready to renounce my relationship to you. Heaven will not ask me to spare a wretch like you, who does not hesitate even at murder!"

The expression on Joyce's face was frightful to see.

A deep oath crushed from his lips and he took a threatening step forward.

"So you threaten me, eh?" he gritted. "You'll turn me over to the police?"

"It would be what you deserve."

"You're an unnatural son."

"And you're a thrice unnatural father."

A long, keen bladed knife gleamed in the hand of the fire-bug. He glared at Teddy wolfishly.

The knife was upraised and the blade seemed likely to

descend upon Teddy's breast. But he reached forward and caught his father's wrist.

Joyce was a powerful man, but the strength of a maniac was in Teddy's arm. He wrenched the villain's wrist and the knife fell to the floor.

Then he hurried his assailant back. But just at that moment a puff of air brought a stifling wall of smoke down upon them.

It was likely that Joyce abandoned his murderous attack in that moment and made his escape, for Teddy did not see him again.

The young fireman now came out of the spell which had held him. He suddenly realized that life yet held possibilities. Courage returned and he acted promptly.

He made a dash for the stairway, down which he had fallen. He sped up it, while the smoke nigh stifled him.

He reached the next floor safely and then got his breath. A familiar voice sounded in his ear. It was Dick, who had come down to find him.

"Are you all right, Teddy?" he cried.

"Yes," replied Teddy. "But I think we had better get out of here!"

"So do I. I imagine the sneak thieves have all escaped. I can find no trace of anybody in the upper story."

"Then all may have been rescued," said Teddy. "We must go."

The young firemen made their way to a window in the rear. They were in the third story, and there was no ladder.

But Teddy always provided himself with a rope, which he carried about his waist.

This he quickly lowered from the window and descended to the court below after Dick had safely slid down. Then the two firemen returned to the street.

There was yet plenty of work to do. It was plain that no part of the great hotel could be saved.

It must all be consumed by the flames. But, luckily, so far as known, all the inmates were safely out.

The best that the fire companies could do, therefore, was to keep the adjoining buildings from burning. This, however, was successfully done.

By daylight the hotel was a heap of ashes.

It was late the next forenoon before it was safe for the firemen to leave. Teddy, nearly exhausted, found his way laboriously home.

Mrs. Martin met him at the door with much anxiety.

"Oh, Teddy," she cried, "I have worried about you greatly. I fear that in some one of these fires you will surely lose your life. Was it not a dreadful affair?"

"Yes!" declared Teddy, sadly. "Ashland has lost its fine hotel."

"Were any lives lost?"

"Not that I know of."

Mrs. Martin prepared dinner for Teddy. But he ate very sparingly.

"Your father went to the fire with you, didn't he, Teddy?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Teddy, with a gasp.

"Well, he has not returned. Shall I keep the dinner for him?"

"I don't think so," said Teddy. "At least—I—I don't think he will come back to dinner."

All this was very enigmatical to Mrs. Martin. But she said nothing. Teddy soon left for the engine house.

He was very busy all the rest of the day, for there was much to do in cleaning up the engine.

People, by the score, dropped into the engine-house. Dick Bent came in with a report which Teddy had expected.

"It was discovered that the hotel was fired by a gang of footpads from White Falls," he said.

Ah," said Teddy, quietly. "Have any arrests been made?"

Not as yet, but I believe there is prospect of some of the gang being caught soon. The police are at work."

Teddy worked silently for a long while. Dick kept up his usual chatter.

"We are going to have a football game," said Dick.

"Is that so?" Teddy asked.

"Yes, and we want you to play full-back. Will you do it?"

The impulse was upon Teddy to refuse.

But, on second thought, he said:

"If you think I can fill the position, I will play it. Give me any position on the team."

"Pshaw! You are the best full-back for your weight in Ashland!" cried Dick. "So you will play?"

"When is the game?"

"Saturday, or day after to-morrow."

"Well, you may count on me!"

"Hurrah! that's good! Do you know who captain's the Academy boys? Well, it is your friend, Tim Walker."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE FOOTBALL GAME.

"Tim Walker!" exclaimed Teddy, in surprise. "Perhaps I'd better not play, then?"

"Why not?"

"Tim and I might not agree, and, you know, that will not do in football."

"Don't you fret," declared Dick. "We will have a good referee, and if Walker slugs you, we'll put him out of the game."

"Well, I shall avoid him," said Teddy.

"And if he's wise, he'll avoid you."

"What are you playing?"

"Quarter-back."

"Good! We will have a signal of our own. I have a new fake kick play, which, I think, will give me a chance to get around the end for a few yards."

"What is it?"

"Four hundred and eleven, eight, ninety-six, sixty-four. It starts with four and ends with four. When you call it I will know that it means a fake kick. Then I will go back and you pass me the ball from the snap off. Instead of kicking I will touch it to the ground and start around right-end. You and right-half-back will give me interference."

"Capital!" cried Dick. "That will work like a charm."

"When do you practice again?"

"To-morrow!"

"All right; I'll be around to practice with you and learn the signals!"

That evening when Teddy went home he was in better spirits, thinking of his football game. His father's unknown fate, however, still worried him.

He could not say truthfully that he felt a particle of affection for Joyce. The ruffian had killed his love.

His father might not have escaped from the burning hotel. His body might even now be in the ashes.

This would have filled the boy fireman's soul with horror, and possibly some anguish. Yet in some respects he could not truly have wholly regretted the fact.

It did not seem possible to make reformation in Joyce.

He was a thoroughly hardened criminal. Teddy was compelled and ready to admit this, though it was his father.

That night Joyce did not return, nor the next night. The day of the football game was at hand.

In fact, Teddy had secretly begun to feel a sense of pleasure in the fact that fear of the law might prevent his ever coming back. But it seemed hardly likely that he would, for any length of time, keep out of prison, anyway.

Perhaps, after all, it was as well that he should get back into prison. Teddy could not feel any obligation toward him other than the mere fact of blood relationship. Just this and nothing more.

So, very bravely the boy fireman made up his mind to worry no longer.

Teddy was on hand with the rest of the boys when the football game was called.

A big crowd was present, for there was great interest in the event. The rivalry between the teams was intense.

It was true that Tim Walker was captain of the Academy eleven, and played the part of half-back.

He came upon the field pompously and demanded choice of goal. There was a long wrangle, for it is customary to toss a penny for this. Finally he had to yield and then the team lined up for the kick-off.

Hero Forty-Four kicked off. An Academy man got the ball, but was downed on the Academy thirty-yard line by one of the fire boys.

Then the two teams lined up for a scrimmage. The Academy boys gained two yards on the first down. Then they were held for the next two downs and the ball went to Hero Forty-Four.

A great cheer went up from the crowd. It was thirty-two yards to the Academy goal. On rushes through the center Hero Forty-Four gained ten yards. They were now only twenty-two yards away.

Dick Bent, the fire boys' quarter-back, now gave the signal for the fake kick. Teddy Martin, the full-back, dropped back a few yards.

The pass was clean and neat. The quarter-back and half-back went into the interference like machine work. The

Academy left end was bowled over, and a clear field, save for the full-back, lay before Teddy.

The crowd nearly went mad. Down over the white lines went Teddy like an arrow from a bow.

The Academy full-back made a run for a low tackle. Teddy gave one great leap, and as he crouched went clean over him. He fell but clung to the ball and rolled over the line. It was a touch-down for Hero Forty-Four.

Pandemonium reigned on the grounds for a time. Teddy then easily kicked the goal. The score was six to nothing, in favor of the fire boys.

All of the Academy boys took it good-naturedly except Tim Walker. He was furiously angry.

"If I had been full-back he'd never have got past me," he gritted.

This time it was the Academy team's kickoff. The two elevens lined up and the ball was booted well down into the Hero territory.

As chance had it, Dick Bent got the ball.

In an instant Teddy was by his side as interference. Up the field they went for twenty yards. Then, like a mad bull, Tim Walker came charging down. Both his fists were up-raised.

Teddy turned his shoulder to him to throw him off, but Walker struck out fiercely. The young full-back went down half stunned. Then Walker pounced upon Dick.

He tackled him around the neck, and as he threw him struck him a brutal blow in the face with his fist.

Blood spurted from Dick's nostrils, and he lost his senses. The ball fell from his arms. Walker leaped up, grabbed it and run without opposition to the Hero goal for a touch-down.

Both elevens had ceased play dumbfounded at this piece of work, which was so flagrantly against the rules and so brutal.

The referee blew his whistle. People on the side lines stood shocked and disgusted. Walker called for his men to come down and kick the goat.

But not one stirred. The referee shouted to Walker to bring back the ball.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted the bully, angrily. "I've made a touch-down."

"You are guilty of foul play," said the referee. "Bring back that ball at once."

"I'll not do it," retorted Ward. "I got the touch-down fair and square and I'm not going to be cheated out of it."

"We do not claim the touch-down," said the manager of the Academy team. "The work of our full-back is wholly against our approval. We shall put him out of the game."

"Very good," said the referee. "Bring back the ball, and put it in play from the middle of the field. I will overlook the penalty."

Walker was now compelled to give up the ball. He was hooted and hissed off the field.

Teddy was not badly injured, but poor Dick had to go out. A new quarter-back was put in.

This unbalanced the team, but for all that the Academy team were kept from scoring, and the score remained six to nothing, in favor of the Hero team.

It was a popular victory and made so wholly by the foul playing of Walker. The young bully had sworn dire vengeance upon Teddy, whom he chose to hold responsible for the misfortune.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ARREST.

When the boys got back to the engine house there was much discussion over the affair.

It was safe to say that Tim Walker was the most unpopular young man in Ashland after that.

Dick was taken home with a badly damaged face. Judge Bent was very angry and declared:

"If Senator Walker was not one of my dearest friends I would take measures to prosecute that young villain."

Certainly Walker was fortunate to go free.

Teddy washed at the engine-house and then set out for home. It was Mrs. Martin's supper hour.

As the young fireman walked up the path to the front door, he wondered what would greet his vision when he should enter. Would his father be there?

With this thought in his mind he opened the door.

He was not disappointed.

He turned a shade paler as he saw his evil genius, for it seemed as if Joyce was such, seated at the table quietly sipping his tea.

The convict's little, sharp eyes were fixed keenly on Teddy. "Ah, my son," he said, in the most imperturbable manner possible. "You have got home, have you?"

"I see that you have got home also," said Teddy, in a voice of steel.

"Oh, yes! I could not keep away from my dear son. Of course, you have missed me?"

"Where have you been?"

"On a little jaunt to White Falls. It's very quiet staying at home."

Teddy sat down and tried to eat. But he could not. He was too full of his own emotions.

After the meal was over Mrs. Martin left the room. Joyce took advantage of this to say:

"Look here, lad, are ye going to turn your poor old father over to the police?"

"Don't you deserve it?"

"Are ye goin' to do it?"

"No."

"Joyce's face cleared.

"That's the talk," he said, glibly. "In course I wouldn't have knifed ye last night. I was trying to scare ye. It's all right. We're good pals yet."

"You mistake," said Teddy, coldly. "We are not pals nor never will be."

Joyce whistled softly

"Must be you don't feel any affection fer your old father?" he said.

"I have not one particle of love for you," declared Teddy, stoutly.

"It's a bad boy fer the man who goes back on his own flesh and blood," he said.

"You are only my father in the sense of blood relation," said Teddy, rigidly. "In other respects, you are a fiend. What have you done with your ill-gotten booty?"

Joyce chuckled. He drew from his pocket a number of costly jeweled rings and threw them on the table.

"There's what is worth a thousand," he said, "and I've come home. You'll never have to work now."

"What?" said Teddy, aghast. "Do you think I would share your booty?"

"I s'pose that would depend!"

"You are wrong. Nothing would induce me to."

"Oh, you're tender! Wait till you've seen the world as I have. I can tell you that it's a hard 'un. Now, I have made a good haul, ye oughter give me credit fer it."

"You have blackened your soul with a fearful crime," said Teddy.

"Oh, bosh!" jeered Joyce. "Talk sense! I can hardly believe ye're a son of mine!"

"And it seems incredible that you can be my father!"

"What?" Joyce turned and fixed his sharp eyes on Teddy. "Has anybody been tellin' ye different?"

"Oh, no," replied Teddy.

"Waal, if they do, ye're not to listen. See? I'm your old daddy and that's straight. Here! have a ring!"

Teddy shrunk back.

"I would touch a viper with better ease," he said.

Joyce laughed coarsely. He toyed with the rings, and had just fixed them on his fingers when there came a pull at the door bell.

The next moment, before the summons could be answered, the door opened and two men entered.

One was tall and dark, the other short and stout. They exchanged glances as they looked at Teddy, and his father and one of them said:

"This is the place, Bill."

"You're right!"

Teddy arose with surprise.

"What is your business here," he demanded, with dignity.

The tall man laughed lightly. The stout man said very quietly:

"Is your name Teddy Martin?"

"It is," replied Teddy.

"Is your father at home?"

"Yes," and Teddy glanced at Joyce. The latter had grown ghastly pale and had partly risen from the table.

"Sit down, Joyce," said the tall man, menacingly. "We've something to say to you pretty quick."

Then the stout man catechised Teddy.

"You were in the burning hotel last night?" he asked.

"I was," replied Teddy.

"You are a fireman?"

"Yes."

"This man here is your father?"

"He is."

"Ah, well now, can you tell me if he also was in the hotel last night? I want the truth now, Teddy Martin. It will go hard with you if you do not tell it."

Teddy was surprised.

"There is no reason why I should conceal the truth," he said. "My father was in the hotel, also."

A sharp hiss escaped Joyce's lips. But the tall, dark man transfixed him with a look. He said:

"What was your father doing?"

It was a fearful moment for Teddy Martin. He stood like a statue ready to burst with the awful pressure.

He realized all now. These men were detectives.

They had tracked the guilty ringleader of the incendiary gang here. That man was no other than Peter Joyce.

The young fireman's dilemma was awful. He could not bear to lie. Yet, if he told the truth, he would send his own father, perhaps, to the gallows.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN LIMBO.

Never in his life had Teddy Martin faced a contingency like this. He had seen death in its most awful forms, had faced it in the flames, but never had his nerves received so sore a trial.

In spite of the fact that Joyce awakened in him only sentiments of repugnance and disgust, the fact that he was his father appealed to his loyalty.

He could not bear to think of sending him to prison.

Yet, what could he say?

At this moment Joyce said:

"Gents, you're mistaken. I kin prove that I was in my bed last night safe an' sound. Bekase I've served a sentence for a crime of which I warn't guilty is no reason for ye to charge everything that happens in the town to me."

"We'll talk with you later, Joyce," said the detective. "We are waiting for Teddy's answer."

Teddy drew a deep breath.

My father did occupy his bed last night, gentlemen," he said.

Both detectives looked grave.

One of them leaned forward and said kindly to Teddy:

"My boy, you are doing wrong. It is never right to shield a criminal. We know how you feel. You have everybody's sympathy. It is hard to give evidence against your own father. So far you are right."

"But your father is not entitled to your respect or even love. He is a hardened criminal, a thief and a murderer. The laws must be lived up to—"

"I object!" cried Joyce. "Ye've no right to influence my son against me."

"Silence, you hound," said the detective, sharply. "Now, Teddy, tell the truth. Win the respect of everybody by being honest."

Teddy's struggle was a brave one. He turned and said:

"Gentlemen, I am in a hard position."

Joyce leaned over the table. His face was fiendish as he said:

"Look ye, lad. Don't ye dare ter swear yer father's life an' liberty away. If ye do, ye'll not live so long that he won't have revenge on ye."

Teddy ignored the threat.

"Is it necessary for me to answer this question?" he asked.

"It is highly necessary."

"How is it compulsory?"

"It's just this way," said the tall detective. "We have reasonable evidence that your father was in the hotel plundering the rooms during the fire. He was seen there."

"We are assured that you were there in performance of your duty as a fireman. If you attempt now to shield your father you will be guilty of collusion with him in incendiarism and theft."

"Oh, my soul!" cried Teddy. "What shall I do?"

"Don't ye dare ter peach on me, ye beggarly brat!" gritted Joyce.

"What shall it be?" asked the detective. "We will arrest your father, and unless you explain your meeting with him in the hotel, we shall have to arrest you, also."

"There ain't no evidence of such a meeting!" yelled Joyce.

Teddy's soul was filled with horror. The thought of arrest was a fearful addition to his already heavy burden of dis-

grace. His whole being rebelled against collusion with even his father.

He turned and cried in anguish:

"Oh, my father, why did you not heed my warning and beware of further criminality? I would sacrifice much for you, but this, my own honor and my good name, I cannot give up, even to save you."

One of the detectives stepped forward and slipped handcuffs on Joyce's wrists.

"You are under arrest," he said.

Joyce raved and cursed furiously.

"Ah, you ungrateful puppy!" he hissed, "to betray your own father; but I'll have my revenge upon you yet. Blame you!"

Teddy shivered as this denunciation was hurled at him. But he was white and rigid.

He believed that he had done his duty by his erring parent. He could not be responsible for his criminal deeds.

The detectives both shook hands with him.

"You have done the right thing, Teddy," they said. "We know how hard it is for you; but you will get your pay in the end."

The detectives led Joyce, raving and cursing, away. Then the reaction came, and Teddy flung himself madly weeping upon the sofa.

Mrs. Martin spoke soft words of comfort, and gradually he grew calmer. In spite of the horror of the thing there was a species of relief which Teddy could not help but feel.

Of course everybody in Ashland speedily knew of the arrest.

A great sensation was created. There was talk of breaking into the jail and lynching the gang of incendiaries.

But gradually, however, the people grew calm. Teddy went quietly and soberly about his duties. He was always to be found at the engine-house.

Dick Bent was laid up with the injuries he received in the football game for over a week. When he did get out he went down to the engine-house.

"Well, Teddy," he said, with satisfaction, "we won the game, anyway. I reckon Tim Walker got all that was coming to him that time."

"You're right, Dick," agreed Teddy; "but what is next on the athletic list?"

"You haven't forgotten the Fall Regatta?"

"Oh, no. That comes next week."

"Yes, and I think our crew ought to have a chance. Oh, I suppose we'll run up against Walker in that, also."

"How is that?"

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"He is stroke oar of the White Falls crew."

"I say, that Walker is quite a fellow down there in his own country, isn't he?"

"Oh, that's only because he's the son of the rich Senator Walker. He buys his way into everything."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"Well," said Teddy firmly, "if I could not go ahead on my own physical merits, I'd never buy my way anywhere."

"Nor I," agreed Dick. "But that fellow is equal to anything. He'll stoop to anything, too. He's death on you and I. We haven't heard the last of him."

Teddy's jaw set hard.

"All right," he said grimly. "I'm ready for him any time."

"Yes, and you're too much for him, and he knows it. The idea of his attempting to make love to Sis. She was dreadfully indignant."

Teddy was astonished.

"Did he do that?" he asked, while the blood tingled in his veins.

"Why, didn't I tell you about it?"

"No."

Teddy looked expectant, and Dick laughed merrily.

"Well, I'll have to," he said. "You know a few days ago Sis got a letter from him, at least his name was signed to it."

"He dared to write her a letter?"

"Yes; wasn't it cool? The substance of that letter was enough to make a horse laugh. It was one-half braggadocio. He told of his father's wealth, and how he was the only heir, and what a snap his wife would have, and asked her if she would marry him in five years."

Teddy dropped his tools. He had been tightening nuts on the fire engine. His face was white, and he was trembling.

"What answer did your sister make to him, Dick? he asked hoarsely.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DICK AND TEDDY HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING.

Dick looked at his chum curiously and keenly. Then he chuckled scottily. He put a hand on Teddy's arm.

"Don't you fret," he said, encouragingly. "It's all right."

A bolt of lightning from a clear sky could not have startled Teddy more. He looked into Dick's face and turned crimson.

"You haven't told me how she answered Walker," he said.

"Haven't I? Well, I will," laughed Dick. "She just gave the note to dad. You ought to have seen him laugh. He asked Sis if she liked him. She said she hated him."

Teddy's heart leaped.

"Then," continued Dick, "dad began to get mad. You want to look out when he gets mad. He just sent the note to Walker's father, and asked the Senator to see that his son did not attempt any further insult to his daughter."

"Whew!" exclaimed Teddy in amazement. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Your father is a brick!"

"Well, he knows a thing or two."

"Did the Senator reply?"

"Did he?" Dick rolled his eyes. "Well, if you hear of my dad and Senator Walker having a knock-down fight when they meet don't you be surprised."

"Well," said Teddy, with a happy laugh, "I'm glad it turned out so. That fellow is not fit to marry anyone so good and true as your sister Alice."

"You speak very kindly of my sister, Teddy," said Dick. "I thank you."

"I have the very highest opinion of her."

"And so she has of you," Dick came nearer. "Look here, Ted; tell me the truth. Do you like Sis?"

Teddy trembled like an aspen. He averted his gaze.

"Why, what a question, Dick. I like her very much."

"Yes; but I think you like her a great deal. Now, don't you be afraid to tell me. Are you really in love with her?"

Teddy gasped with the force of this. It was like an electric shock.

"Why, Dick Bent!" he exclaimed. "You are terrible. Don't you know it would be wrong for me to fall in love with your sister Alice?"

"Why would it be wrong?" asked Dick, pertinently.

"Why, why," stammered Teddy, "she is far above me. She is the daughter of the rich and honored Judge Bent, while I—here Teddy's voice quavered. "I—oh, Dick, you know what I am."

The ring of anguish in the boy fireman's voice was too keen to be other than genuine. In an instant Dick Bent threw both arms about his chum.

"Teddy Martin," he said earnestly, "you are just as good and true as an angel, no matter how bad your father is, and I tell you we will all love you. Yes, Sis herself loves you."

Teddy straightened up. For one instant a fear struck him.

"Don't mock me, Dick," he said huskily. "I've lots of suffering, you know."

"Mock you!" ejaculated Dick. "What do you take me for? Do you think I would be so mean? You just let me alone for knowing about girls; and I know my sister, anyway, and I tell you she's dead stuck on you."

Teddy grew very sober.

"I am sorry," he said, simply.

"Well, I like that!" ejaculated Dick. "There's lots of fellows would like to have my sister care for them."

Teddy had picked up the iron wrench. He now laid it down. He walked up to his friend and looked full in his eyes.

"Dick," he said, clearly, "you are the best friend I have in the world. I will talk with you frankly. We are too young as yet to talk of marriage and love and such things."

"But I know you and I can keep the secret between us. I am young and strong, and I mean to work my way up and be a man of honor, and perhaps of wealth, some day. I will tell you that your sister Alice is my ideal. If she has found no other love in that time, and I can meet her on a level plane, I shall be the happiest man on earth to lay my heart at her feet; but until I am able to do that, I would not have her know of my feelings towards her for all the world."

"Why not?" asked Dick.

"She might change her mind."

Dick grasped Teddy's hand. His face fairly blazed with happiness.

"Teddy," he said, "I know how you feel, and your sentiments are noble. I will respect your wish. Perhaps you are

right, but I know this of Alice. She would give her heart just as quickly to you in poverty as in wealth. However, you will succeed, and I know you will be a famous man some day. Then I shall claim you as my brother forever."

"You may, in any event," said Teddy warmly. Then, with a shy smile, he asked:

"But how do you know that your sister Alice likes me?"

Dick laughed merrily.

"You rogue!" he cried. "Well, I'll tell you. She told me so often."

"Promise me that this shall always remain a secret between us?"

"Oh, yes. I'll promise."

When Teddy went home that night he owned the world. It seemed all roses and songbirds, and no difficulty was too great for him to surmount.

His plans for the future were of the brightest. To know that his intense liking for Alice Bent was reciprocated high intoxicated him with joy.

He began to build all kinds of bright plans for the future.

He saw little of Alice, and heard with something like a pang that she would soon go away to boarding school. One day, however, an unexpected incident, which had much to do with the shaping of his after career, occurred.

Teddy was fond of wheeling.

When he could get spare time from the engine-house he mounted his bike, and took pleasant spins into the country.

On this day he took a pretty road leading toward White Falls. The autumn foliage was fine, and the air clear and crisp.

Teddy turned a corner in the highway, and heard the tinkle of a bell just ahead.

He looked up and saw a young girl standing by the roadside. Her wheel was leaning against the fence, and she had evidently been trying to repair a punctured tire.

In an instant Teddy's cheeks were aflame.

He leaped from his wheel, and eagerly approached her.

"Why, Miss Bent!" he exclaimed. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Have you met with an accident?"

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Teddy," she said, with a flash of her pretty brown eyes. "I'm in dreadful trouble."

"So I perceive," said Teddy; "and I am most anxious to be of assistance."

"I am sure that you can. I know very little about wheels. I think I have punctured a tire."

Teddy critically examined the tire.

"That is just it," he said. "I think I can repair it for you very easily."

Teddy went to his own wheel, and took from his tool box some electric tape. In a few moments he had plugged and wound the tire all right.

He then inflated it, and the wheel was again ready for use. Alice sat patiently on a bank and watched him with deep interest.

"I cannot thank you enough, Teddy," she said, sweetly. With this she mounted the wheel. Teddy stood half in doubt and half anxious.

"You are some ways from home, Miss Alice," he said. "Are you timid? I shall be glad to offer my services as escort."

"And I will not refuse them," said Alice. "I am afraid I have been imprudent in coming so far alone."

Teddy mounted his wheel, and they rode away together.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A BICYCLE RIDE.

Together the two young people wheeled along the beautiful country road. Teddy was overwhelmed with delight.

"I was afraid that I should not have a chance to see you before your departure for boarding school," he said; "but fortune has favored me."

"So you have heard that I was going?" she said in reply.

"Yes."

"I do not really care about it."

"Then you prefer your home?"

"Oh, very much; but I presume it is necessary. Some day I shall have to go into society. Mamma says that society has little use for young ladies who are not educated, and that it would be utterly impossible for me to get married without lots of knowledge," and she laughed merrily.

Teddy's heartstrings gave a twitch.

"Of course you will not think of marriage until you are much older," he said.

She shot a sidelong glance at him.

"Oh, certainly not. In fact, I hardly think I shall ever marry."

Teddy drew a breath of relief.

"That is the way I feel," he said. Then he felt uncertain whether he had said the right thing or not. For a time they rode on in silence.

Teddy remembered what Dick had told him; but it was not of the slightest assistance to him now.

He was anxious that Alice should know that her preference for him was reciprocated; but he could think of no way in which to explain it.

Foolish fellow! Youths of Teddy's age lack penetration and discernment. They are impulsive and, perhaps in matters of love, blundering.

But the awkward silence was broken in a startling manner. Suddenly around a distant bend there came a wheelman.

He was riding at top speed, and was bent double. As he drew nearer Teddy jingled his bell. The fellow turned out and went by them like a flash.

"Why!" ejaculated Teddy. "Did you recognize him, Miss Alice?"

"Why, yes," declared the young girl. "It was Tim Walker."

"What can he be riding like that for?"

"Perhaps he is racing?"

"No," said Teddy slowly, "something is wrong. He is up to some mischief. I believe he is a rascal, Miss Alice."

"Well, I am sure of it," said Alice decisively. "He is a very wild fellow."

They rode on now until the town came in view. Suddenly Teddy straightened in his saddle.

A distant faint sound came to his ears. He saw, far off on the edge of the town, a column of smoke.

"Fire!" he ejaculated. "Oh, Miss Alice! There is a fire in Ashland."

Alice instantly quickened her speed.

"And you are a fireman, Teddy," she cried. "I am keeping you. Leave me at once."

This might have been Teddy's impulse; but he said:

"No. I'll not leave you. There is danger in the air. Why did that villain Walker pass us in such haste? He has come from the direction of the town."

"I insist that you leave me, Teddy," said Alice earnestly. "It is your duty, and you must not neglect it for me."

Just at this moment a quarter of a mile ahead three rough-looking men went shambling across the road. They disappeared in the woods beyond.

But it settled the question.

"My duty is here at present," said Teddy resolutely. "I will not leave you, were there a thousand fires calling me."

The young girl's face flushed a vivid red. Her eyes met Teddy's shyly, and more passed between them than could have been uttered in words.

From that hour there was a complete understanding. She knew her fate, and Teddy knew his.

But the young fireman said:

"We are going to the fire together, Alice, and we are going fast. Did you ever ride a tandem?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Well, I will improvise one."

Teddy dismounted, and Alice did the same. Beside the road was a pile of newly cut shrubs. In this pile Teddy found a couple of light poles.

Very quickly he passed these from the frame of his wheel to the frame of Alice's and strapped them together. Thus a tandem was rudely improvised.

Teddy mounted behind, and then they started. Alice did the steering. They sped over the highway like a race horse.

Soon they were in the edge of the town. They turned up one of the prettiest streets and the fire scene burst upon their view.

Teddy's face paled, and Alice gave a sharp cry. The wheel became unsteady for a moment.

The two young people were aghast at the sight they beheld.

The fire was a furious one, and the building was no other than the beautiful mansion of Judge Bent.

"It is your father's house!" gasped Teddy.

"Yes," cried Alice, "and I fear my dear Aunt Leslie in the upper story has not been taken out. She is an invalid, and cannot help herself. Mamma and papa are away, and only the servants were at home with her."

"Is that true?" cried Teddy. "Then I will do my best. Will you excuse me, Alice?"

"Certainly, but——"

Teddy lingered an instant. The expression on Alice's face he never forgot.

"Don't let anything befall you," she said in a tone which thrilled him. Hardly knowing what he did, Teddy took her hand and kissed it. Then, with burning cheeks, he dashed away.

All the fire companies were present, but there was lack of water. The elevation was great, and the wells about were easily pumped out.

But Teddy thought not of the mansion. It was the precious human life endangered in its walls which he meant to rescue.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AGAIN A HERO.

Teddy took in everything about the mansion at a glance as he approached it.

It was three stories in height, and surrounded by beautiful grounds. In the upper story, as Alice had said, her invalid aunt had rooms.

The frightened servants had found the stairway cut off, and had fled from the house in terror. No attempt had been made to save the helpless lady.

She did not appear at any of the windows, for she was unable to leave her chair.

Teddy was determined to save her or sacrifice his life. He ran around to the rear of the house.

None of the ladders would reach to the third story; but they reached easily to the second.

Teddy wanted one of these. As it happened, Dick Bent was also absent with his father and mother. So Teddy found no one else courageous enough to essay the rescue with him.

In fact, the other boys tried hard to dissuade him.

"You'll lose your life, Teddy," they said in warning. "Nobody can enter that house and come out alive."

"Well, I can, and will," cried the young fireman.

So he ran up the ladder to the second story window. He dashed it in and a great volume of smoke rushed out.

But Teddy pushed his way over the sill and entered the room beyond. The interior of the Bent house was unfamiliar to him.

But he knew that the room must have a door, and the door would probably open into a hall.

The hall probably led to the stairs, and thus he hoped to find his way to the upper story.

One thing encouraged him.

The invalid lady was alive, for he could hear her screams for assistance. He was now almost overpowered by the awful dense smoke.

But Teddy quickly bound a handkerchief across his nostrils.

Then he dropped on his hands and knees, and felt his way across the floor. In a few moments he had succeeded in finding the door.

He found, sure enough, that it opened out into the hall. Here the light of the flames showed him his way.

Teddy was now given a chance to realize how apparently foolhardy he was. The heat was frightful.

But he did not flinch.

He dodged into the hall, and ran along to the east wing of the building. By the best of luck he came to the stairs which led to the next story.

Up these he dashed.

He burst into the room above. There, in her chair, and nigh insensible with terror, was the invalid lady. She gasped and held out her arms at sight of Teddy.

"Do not fear, madam," said the young fireman encouragingly. "I will take you out all right."

"Oh, save me! Do not let me die in the flames!"

"I will save you."

Teddy now rushed to the window. He dashed out the sash.

The people on the lawn below saw him and cheered. One instant Teddy's gaze ran over the crowd. It rested on the slight figure of a young girl who stood with hands clasped and pallid face looking upward.

Teddy felt the courage of a lion in his veins. He laughed at danger. Yet he was not reckless.

He had, as usual, a long rope at his waist. Very quickly he made one end of this fast at the window sill.

Then he wheeled the invalid in her chair up to the window. Flames were already eating through the floor.

"Now, madam," said Teddy, "trust wholly in me. I will save you."

He wrapped a blanket about the sick woman's body and under the arms. Then he looped the rope about her.

Lifting her lightly in his arms, Teddy carried her to the window. A moment later she was swinging in midair.

Very slowly and gently Teddy lowered her. Fortunately the fire had not penetrated this wall of the house as yet.

So the firemen below were able to complete the rescue.

Teddy was now quick to act for himself. There was not a moment to lose. The floor was setting.

He quickly leaped over the side and hung one moment in midair. Then he slid rapidly downward.

When but a dozen feet from the turf below, a tongue of flame burst through the end of the building and licked the rope. It parted, but the fall was not enough to injure Teddy.

The rescue was complete.

Once more the young fireman had proved himself a hero. He was rewarded with a round of acclamation.

But of all the praise which he received, nothing compared with the glance he received from Alice, and her low-spoken words of gratitude.

At this moment a carriage came dashing up the drive.

It contained Judge Bent and his wife and Dick. They had returned just in time to see the last of the mansion.

It is needless to say that they were much affected. Judge Bent leaped out, and his first cry was:

"I don't care for the house, but is Aunt Leslie safe?"

"Yes, father," cried Alice, rushing into his arms, "and you can thank Teddy for that. He proved himself a hero."

"Teddy Martin!" exclaimed the judge. "I am not surprised that he is the rescuer. I am deeply in his debt."

The judge looked about for Teddy, but he was far away in the crowd of firemen, so he deferred expressing his gratitude to him.

There was no use to try to save the mansion now. In a few moments the walls fell. It was only a heap of ashes.

The Bent mansion was the finest private dwelling in town. It had been stored with many valuable curios and works of art.

"Never mind," said the judge, cheerfully. "I can rebuild the house; but if any precious lives had been lost they could never have been restored."

The fire created much excited comment in the town. There was no end of hypotheses as to its origin.

Of course there was no evidence, but it looked like the work of an incendiary.

One of the gardeners declared that he had seen a man skulking in the shrubbery during the morning. He had not recognized him.

Judge Bent and his family found quarters in a hotel, where they could remain until the mansion was rebuilt.

A few days later, while Teddy was at work in the engine house, Dick came cheerily in.

"Hello, pard!" he cried. "How is everything to-day?"

"First rate," replied Teddy. "You look easy and happy."

"I am. The crew is working well since you went into the boat. Are you coming around at four to go out with us?"

"Sure," replied Teddy. "We must win that regatta, you know."

"We must beat White Falls, anyway," declared Dick; "and I think we can do it. I don't want that Walker to get a chance to crow over us."

Teddy gave a violent start.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE REGATTA.

Dick's words recalled a subject of which he had long since meant to speak. He turned about.

"Dick," said Teddy, "it has just come to me. You know the day your house was burned?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have meant to tell you of something very peculiar."

Dick was interested.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I met your sister Alice out on the road with a bicycle. She had just met with a mishap."

"Yes, she spoke of that. Dad lectured her about her recklessness in venturing so far from home without an escort."

"It was perilous; but I was pleased to give her assistance."

"Which was kind of you."

"Oh, no. It is always a gentleman's duty to render assistance to a lady; but I am not speaking of that in particular. On the road home, and just as we came in sight of the town, we met a bicyclist going at break-neck speed."

"Indeed!"

"He went by us like a flash."

"Yes?"

"Of course, ordinarily there is nothing strange in such a thing; but that madly racing bicyclist was Tim Walker."

Dick gave a violent start.

"Tim Walker?"

"Yes."

"That is queer. What was he doing up in that locality? He has not showed up in town since the football game."

"That is the idea."

The two boys looked at each other.

"He was coming from the very direction of your house," said Teddy, "and the gardener had seen a man prowling about the grounds."

Dick whistled softly.

"Those Walkers hate us all," he said. "Particularly the senator and his son are vengefully inclined toward dad since the letter episode. By golly! if that could be proved——"

Teddy drew a deep breath.

"I am as certain of it, as if I had seen them do it," he said.

"You don't mean it," said Dick. "Well it looks logical. I will speak to my father and have him put a detective on the case."

"It is a good plan."

"Whew! those Walkers must be a bad lot."

"I should say they were."

Teddy now proceeded to lock up the engine-house. It was time to go over to the river and get out the crew.

Ashland had a fine boat club, and there was much interest in aquatic sports.

The crew were all Hero Forty-Four boys, and strong and lusty. Since Teddy had entered the boat with them they felt very confident of winning the regatta.

In due time Teddy and Dick reached the boat house.

The rest of the boys were already there, engaged in black-leading their boat. They greeted Teddy with a cheer.

"Here is our champion stroke," they cried. "I tell you he's an all-round athlete."

"And the champion fireman, too," cried another.

"Hurrah for Teddy Martin! Hurrah for the Ashland Boat Club. And Hip, hip, hurrah for Hero Forty-Four!"

The cheers were given with a will. Then George Lee, the giant coach, placed the shell in the water.

The boys were quickly stripped and took their places.

They made a handsome picture as they sat there waiting to be pushed off. The little ninety-pound coxswain, Earle, was a boy of judgment and tact.

"Now easy, lads. Dip light!" cried Lee, the coach, as he picked up his megaphone and started along the river bank.

The crew bent low to their work and struck out up the river.

There was a tow-path along the river bank. Lee had a horse, and rode along to keep up with the boat.

He shouted through his megaphone:

"Straighten your back, Number Four."

"Get in with the stroke, Number Two."

"Steady, Six. Feather a bit more. Dip together. Now, hit it up."

Thus the training went on. When the boys got back to the boat house they were feeling fine. They were all ready for the regatta.

Thus day after day they trained. Interest in the event was great. It was intended to make it a gala day in the town.

Representative crews from all the boat clubs in the region were to be present; but none of them had the prestige or skill of Ashland and White Falls.

The race, it seemed, was to be practically between these two crews.

There was an intense partisan feeling also. A large delegation from White Falls would surely be on hand to cheer their crew.

But the Hero Forty-Four boys were not at all alarmed.

They felt sure of winning. It is said that confidence is a great blessing. Hero Forty-Four, however, was not guilty of the fault of overconfidence.

Thus the interest increased day by day, until finally the day of the regatta came.

An immense crowd lined the river banks. Bands played, flags were displayed, and all was lively.

At the appointed hour for the start, the crews appeared on the river. White Falls appeared in yellow jerseys. The colors of the Hero Forty-Four boat were blue and white.

The crews drew their positions and were ranged on the starting line.

As luck had it, the Ashland crew was placed alongside the White Falls boat. At once the rivals scanned each other.

And it was seen that the White Falls boys were a husky lot. Tim Walker rowed stroke oar, and he had the reputation of being a good oarsman.

"I'll bet we'll have a hot race," whispered Dick.  
 "Look out they don't foul us on the start," said Jack Vane.  
 "That's a regular White Falls trick."

Teddy wished heartily that any other boat had been alongside him. At that moment he caught Walker's eye.

"Hello, Joyce!" said Walker, contemptuously. "When is the wedding coming off?"

"Are you addressing your words to me?" asked Teddy.

"Can't you see I am?"

"Well, what do you mean?"

"I mean the wedding. When are you going to marry the millionaire's daughter?"

The other boys in the White Falls boat laughed jeeringly. This gratified Walker, for he thought it a great joke.

Teddy bit his lips.

His eyes flashed fire.

"The next time I meet him on shore I'll make him eat that insult," he gritted.

"You are perfectly safe just now in throwing that insult at me," said Teddy in reply; "but look out. We shall meet at another time."

"You don't dare to show your head in White Falls," sneered Tim.

"Nor you in Ashland," cried Dick Bent, "except when you want to set somebody's house afire."

The words were hotly spoken; but the shot told.

Tim Walker's face turned livid. Teddy saw in an instant the guilt displayed upon it. If the villain had spoken the words he could not have made a clearer confession.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### PROVED GUILTY.

It was plain that Dick's implied accusation had thoroughly disconcerted Walker. It was a literal surprise.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, with a show of insolence and bravado. "To what house do you refer?"

"To mine," replied Dick.

"Who set it afire?"

"You."

"You lie!" gritted Walker. "You can't prove it, and you're just saying that to do me an injury."

"Wait till after this regatta," said Dick, keeping up the bluff. "There'll be a nice little berth in the town jail for you."

"You go soak your head!" growled Walker in a disconcerted way. "I don't know anything about your old house. I can prove I wasn't in the town that day."

"You wait," said Dick, significantly. "We have got a line on you now, Mr. Tim Walker. You'll get all that's coming to you, be very sure."

It was plain that Walker was badly frightened; but at this moment word came along the line to get ready for the start.

An insane idea now entered Tim Walker's head.

He no longer cared about winning the race. He conceived the idea of smashing the Ashland boat, and, if possible, drowning Dick Bent and Teddy.

"Blame them!" he gritted. "They could not swear against me then."

Now the crews were ready.

Suddenly the crack of the pistol was heard. The boats shot forward. The White Falls crew got the water first.

They got a lead of half a length; but the Ashland boat now shot alongside of them.

Teddy was bent on getting ahead of his opponents on the start. Once ahead he believed that Walker had less chance to do them injury.

So he hit up the stroke to a high notch. For half a mile it was a pretty race. Then Walker shouted to his little coxwain:

"Hard a-port! Lively, I say!"

But the coxwain hesitated. He saw that to obey the order meant the absolute wreckage of both boats. So he did not obey.

And the Ashland boat suddenly glided ahead. Its stern was clear of the bow of the White Falls boat. The danger was over.

But Walker shouted to his men like a fiend to hit up their stroke. Also to the coxwain to lay the bow over the other boat's stern.

It was plain that Walker wanted to run down the other boat; but this was not an easy thing to do.

Gradually the Ashland boat drew away. The gap widened.

The White Falls boat wobbled, for the crew were out of stroke. But both crews were ahead of all the others.

It was plain to those on shore that the Ashlands would win. Their stroke was clean and easy. They were soon four lengths ahead.

Their coach, Lee, was on the deck of a tug with Judge Bent and other prominent men of the town. He was delighted with the work of his proteges.

On another tug stood Senator Walker with the White Falls men. They were exceedingly glum.

"Confound it all!" cried the elder Walker. "Tim don't seem to be rowing at all. He is all out of stroke."

The senator did not suspect the reason for this. If he had he would have experienced far different feelings.

After turning the stake the White Falls crew got into their regular stroke, but they could not overtake the Ashland crew now.

They were beaten.

Ashland crossed the line a winner by a dozen lengths. The ovation they received was tremendous.

It had been arranged that after the finish the crews should all repair to the Ashland boat house to bathe and dress, after which a reception would be accorded the visitors.

It was arranged as a pleasant bit of courtesy, and all the crews availed themselves of it. So they all disembarked at the Ashland float.

The contest was intended to be of the most friendly sort. There was good feeling between all the crews except those of Ashland and White Falls.

The White Falls crew had intended to disregard the invitation; but an idea had suggested itself to Walker, so he gave orders to paddle down to the Ashland float.

Already the tug aboard which was his father and friends was preceding them.

"I'll settle matters with that young Dick Bent now," gritted Tim, savagely. He knew that Dick was not his match physically. He had no desire to tackle Teddy.

So the White Falls crew, with others, disembarked on the Ashland float. They were courteously received and cared for.

After they had bathed and dressed, they came down into the club house where a reception had been arranged.

All the members of the Ashland Club were there to receive them. When it came Walker's turn to enter the room he marched up to Dick and whispered:

"If you're not a coward, come out on the float."

"What is it you want?" asked Dick, with dignity.

"I want to talk with you."

"You have full opportunity here."

"Oh, then, you're afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid," said Dick, stung by the taunt. "I'll follow you anywhere, if you are bigger than I."

Walker chuckled. His purpose was a foul one, but it was never executed.

At that moment two men leisurely sauntered up. One of them very skilfully slipped handcuffs on Walker's wrists. He was completely aghast.

"What's this?" he demanded. "A joke?"

"Yes, a very serious one," said one of the detectives, for such they were. "Mr. Tim Walker you are under arrest."

The words were heard by all in the room. All eyes were turned upon Tim. Astounded, Senator Walker came forward.

"On what charge is my son arrested?" he asked.

"The charge of incendiarism," replied the detective. "The setting fire to and destruction of the fine residence of Judge Bent. We have traced the crime to him, and have eye-witnesses to prove the charge."

The sensation produced by this declaration is beyond description.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A MESSAGE FROM JOYCE.

The detectives had certainly done some very clever work. They had gathered the necessary evidence to convict Tim Walker of the awful crime of incendiarism.

The punishment for this could be nothing less than a long term of imprisonment.

That the son of Senator Walker should thus fall into disgrace and infamy seemed past belief. Yet it was true, and it nearly broke the father's heart.

Tim was taken away to jail. Bail was refused, and there he languished waiting for trial.

But there were plenty of people who were constrained to say:

"It is a good thing. He was a young scamp and deserves it."

It was some days before Ashland recovered from the shock of this affair. It was town talk for a long while.

Meanwhile Teddy kept about his duties faithfully. But he had decided upon a new scheme.

He knew well enough that his salary would never enable him to become wealthy.

And it was his desire to carve out a notable career for himself. He thought of all the professions and decided to study law.

After this Teddy sat up nights at his studies. He worked early and late. He was an apt scholar.

The result was that Judge Bent very readily took him into his office. This delighted all the rest of the family.

"Teddy is one of us now," cried Dick. "He is in the family."

Alice blushed and was silent, but this did not deceive the others. She was secretly pleased.

Thus affairs were when some months later Tim Walker's trial drew near.

Senator Walker was doing all in his power for the clearing of his wayward son. The case, however, looked black against him.

There were eye-witnesses whose testimony could not be impeached. Moreover, he had been seen riding rapidly away from the scene of the fire by many, among whom were Teddy Martin and Alice.

Thus it happened that one day at the engine-house Teddy had a distinguished caller.

It was Senator Walker.

"Teddy," he said, "no doubt it surprises you that I should come here. Now we will not speak of the past. We all know that my boy erred. But he is repentant, and it would be a terrible thing to send him to prison for this crime.

"It would be the wrecking of his life. Now, I know that you are not revengeful, and are willing to do all in your power to help him to reform and lead a better life."

"That is true, Senator Walker," said Teddy, promptly. "I will be the first to help Tim in any way I can."

Walker's shrewd eyes gleamed with satisfaction. He rubbed his hands and said:

"It will oblige me much if you will not appear against him at the trial."

"I will agree to that," said Teddy, "if I am not compelled by the courts to do so. Far be it from me to desire your son's imprisonment.

"I know he has been guilty of a great crime; but if he really means to reform and lead a better life I will do all in my power to assist him."

"Thank you," said the shrewd Walker. "I knew that you would do this, for you are a fair-minded lad."

That evening Teddy was invited to dine at the Bents.

He told the judge of the incident.

Judge Bent's face hardened.

"Depend upon it, Teddy," he said, "it is a clever game of Walker's. I know him for a hard unscrupulous man. The spirit you showed was very commendable.

"Do as your conscience elects; but I fear that it will be wasted philanthropy. Senator Walker is using every means to clear his son. He has even tried to bribe some of the witnesses."

"In any event," said Teddy, "my evidence is of no great importance."

"No; but it is a strengthening of the link of circumstances. The District Attorney may demand that you be summoned."

"In that case I will go."

"That would be your duty. It is well enough, though, to give Tim Walker a chance. Yet I doubt his sincerity. I fear he would go right back into his old ways."

"In any event," said Teddy, "I do not wish to stand accused of wilfully testifying to send a man to prison."

"Quite right, my boy," agreed the good judge, heartily. "But justice must be subserved. It is a stern but necessary matter."

"I am truly sorry for Tim."

"Yes, so am I. However, I believe that there is evidence enough to convict him without calling you and Alice to the witness stand."

Dick Bent grasped Teddy's hand and said:

"I wish I could cultivate your forgiving spirit, Teddy, but if a boy wronged me as Tim Walker has you I fear I could not forgive him."

Just then the door bell rang. A servant appeared with a message.

"It's a letter for Teddy," said Dick, as he glanced at the superscription. "It says 'important' and 'answer' on the en-

velope. Probably the messenger being unable to find you at your own house brought it here."

Teddy took the missive with some surprise and curiosity. He was unfamiliar with the writing.

But as he opened the letter he saw a printed heading:

"STATE PRISON,

"WARDEN'S OFFICE, ASHLAND.

"To Mr. Teddy Martin:

"Dear Sir:—One of our convicts, whose name is Joyce, has desired me to communicate with you. He has experienced a change of conscience and wishes to make a confession to you of some matters very important to yourself. As it will be a late hour when this reaches you, do not come to-night; but if you will visit the prison to-morrow (Thursday) morning you may have a consultation with the prisoner in his cell.

"Very respectfully,

"JOHN AMES, Warden."

Teddy was surprised beyond measure. He passed the letter to Judge Bent.

"Your father evidently has something of importance to say to you," said the judge. "I would answer the letter in person to-morrow."

"I will do so," said Teddy; "but what can he wish to see me about?"

"That can only be a matter of conjecture. I hope it is good news."

Teddy was deeply impressed by the communication. When he went home that night he showed the letter to Mrs. Martin.

That lady at once guessed the secret.

"It is something about your past, Teddy," she said. "He knows all about it. Maybe he has a bit of good news for you."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

But Teddy was not satisfied. He was puzzled beyond expression; but he meant to keep the appointment.

That his own father should be a prisoner in the State Prison on a criminal charge was a terrible thing for Teddy to face.

It was a canker sore in his heart. Another thing distressed him. He could not bring himself to regard Joyce as his father.

He could not conjure up the slightest sense of natural affection. Indeed, the thought of his parent filled him with disgust.

However, he was anxious to do his full duty. So the next day he kept the appointment and went to the prison.

As Teddy drew near the place he saw a crowd hovering about the gate. A little inquiry revealed the true state of affairs.

"Jail delivery last night," said a bystander. "Four men made their escape."

Teddy gave a thrilled start.

Was Joyce among the number? He hastily ascended the steps of the warden's house and pulled the bell.

Mr. Ames the warden, himself, appeared.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Teddy?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am sorry to say that Mr. Joyce escaped last night."

"Escaped!" gasped Teddy.

"Yes; he is at large. Three others escaped with him."

Teddy turned away with a throbbing brain. So his father was once more a free man but a fugitive from the law.

The young fireman went home and told Mrs. Martin about it. The good old lady listened intently.

"Don't fear, Teddy. He will come to you now. Just wait in patience."

Teddy knew the likelihood of this. But the suspense was almost unbearable.

However, a couple of days later matters reached a focus. The day of Tim Walker's trial came.

The court room was filled, for many were interested. Senator Walker had done all in his power to demolish the case against his son.

He had employed the best lawyers had tried to bribe the witnesses, and, in fact, employed every possible method; but yet the case looked black for Tim.

Incendiarism was a serious crime, and the people were not disposed to excuse even the son of Senator Walker. The prosecution had presented a strong case.

Much against his will, Teddy had been summoned as a witness. Also, Alice was in court, for she had been with Teddy when they met Tim flying from the scene of his crime.

The stern old judge sat in his chair and listened to the examinations of the witnesses.

One after another was called. The testimony was of the most damaging sort. But Tim sat cool and nonchalant through the whole ordeal.

"The governor has got to see me through," he said. "He's got the money to do it."

It was plain that the young reprobate did not for a moment believe that he would be convicted. No matter how conclusive the testimony became, he only smiled contemptuously.

His lawyers made eloquent pleas for his liberty. They might just as well have spared themselves the effort. The attorney for the prosecution briefly summed the case up, and it went to the jury.

The verdict was delivered in ten minutes. Only one ballot was taken.

The foreman announced it:

"Guilty, in the first degree."

Tim Walker for the first time showed trepidation. His face whitened, and he started up, looking at his father angrily.

"How is that, governor?" he said loud enough for the court to hear him. "I thought you were going to clear me?"

Senator Walker did not reply. Not even his mighty wealth and political influence had been of avail.

The judge said:

"I will sentence the prisoner at once to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary."

Tim Walker showed his temper in good fashion now. He hurled oaths and denunciations at his father, who had done all in his power to save him. By the judge's order he was taken away to solitary confinement.

Such was the end of Tim Walker's career. It may be well to state right here that he did not live out his term.

A week passed after the trial, and matters in Ashland had fallen back into the usual routine, when a fresh sensation once more threw the little town into a whirl of excitement.

One night, about twelve o'clock, people were roused from their beds by the cry of fire.

Teddy was the first at the engine-house. Hero Forty-Four was soon on its way to the fire.

It proved, however, to be but a slight blaze in a tenement in the lower part of the town. The blaze was quickly extinguished.

Teddy and his company returned to the engine-house, and Dick Bent and Teddy started for home.

They were chatting upon various subjects and had reached the corner of the main street of the town when a strange thing happened.

A dull, muffled sound came to their ears.

"What was that?" exclaimed Dick. "Did you feel the ground tremble?"

At that moment Teddy gazed across the street.

A flash of light had come to his eye. It seemed to come from the large windows of a building opposite. Only for a moment had it been visible.

The building was the Ashland National Bank.

The two young firemen were silent a moment. Then Dick cried:

"I believe there is something wrong over there."

"Let us see about it."

They crossed the street with quick steps. Just then a rattle was heard far up the street. A shrill whistle followed, and the tramp of feet.

Out of the side entrance to the bank sprang three men. A shot rang out upon the air and one of them fell. Half a dozen policemen appeared on the scene.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### A STRANGE CONFESSION.

An ambulance now arrived. The surgeon lifted the wounded fuses, and for a time quite unable to grasp the situation.

Then it dawned upon them that the men were burglars, and that the bank had been robbed.

The explosion was caused by the dynamite used on the safe. The police had heard it, and appeared just in time.

Teddy and Dick saw that their assistance was not needed.

Some of the officers were in pursuit of the two fleeing cracksmen. The others were bending over the man they had shot.

He lay unconscious on the stone pavement. It was some while before a doctor arrived.

"He has a bullet in the chest," he said, after a brief examination. "The chances are against him. I would advise moving him to the hospital at once."

An ambulance now arrived. The surgeon lifted the wounded burglar. Just then Teddy caught sight of his face in the lantern light.

A gasping cry of horror escaped the young fireman.

"Oh, my soul!" he groaned. "It is my father."

His declaration caused a sensation. Police and surgeon halted a moment, while Teddy went to his parent's side.

But Joyce was unconscious. The surgeon said:

"You can see him at the hospital. We shall do our best to save him."

Teddy could not speak what occurred to him at this moment. Recovery meant to Joyce only a return to prison.

Teddy was in a fearful state of mind. Sleep was out of the question for him that night. He went back to Mrs. Martin's and to bed.

He went to the hospital early in the morning, but the surgeons reported their patient delirious.

In that hour of trial Dick Bent was a true friend to Teddy. He remained with him and cheered his spirits.

Thus matters were when about noon a messenger came hastily down to Teddy's house. The surgeons had sent word that Joyce was dying, and wanted to see his son before he passed away.

Teddy went to the hospital with all speed. There was a big lump in his throat as he entered the room where Joyce was propped up in bed.

The cracksmen's shifting gaze was fixed on Teddy. He tried to grin in a sickly way. His breath was short, and he talked with an effort.

"Ain't yer sorry ter see yer old father herc, Teddy?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Teddy, truthfully.

"Ye ain't ashamed of me? Ye know I'm in fer ten years if I git well."

"You are my father, and I will try to be a true son," replied Teddy. "Yet I could wish that your ways had been different for your sake as well as mine."

"I kin see," said the criminal. "Well, boy, I have been a bad un. But I've got ter die. Before I go, however, I'm goin' ter set ye right, fer I hev done ye a great wrong. Now, ye kin feel no more ned of feeling disgraced, fer I'll tell ye, lad, ye're no son of mine."

"You are not my father?" he asked.

"No, I am not. I lied to ye."

"Who, then, is my father?"

The cracksmen coughed.

"Yer father is dead."

Teddy felt a severe pain in his breast. He leaned forward.

"Who was he?" he asked.

"Did ye ever hear of James L. Morgan, of New York? Well, he was your father; but he died a month ago. His estate is waiting an heir. That is what I wanted to see ye about before my escape. Ye're a millionaire, lad, a millionaire."

The villain had a spasm of coughing.

"Years ago," he said, "ye were stolen from the cradle by an enemy of Morgan's, who paid my wife for taking care of ye; but ye fell into the hands of Bill Martin, the fireman, an' we let ye stay. Yer right name is Mark W. Morgan. Ther initials on yer baby clothes are M. W. M."

"That is right," cried Mark, excitedly. "Oh, Joyce, why did you not tell me this before, that I might have seen my father in life?"

"Oh, I'm a bad egg, lad. I'll jest ask one favor of ye. See that I'm buried beside my wife."

Teddy left the hospital in a strange frame of mind. He was giddy with the force of the revelation.

Grief was in his heart that he had never been able to know his father, though James L. Morgan's summer home was in White Falls, near by. The revelation created a sensation when it became generally known.

Judge Bent took charge of Teddy's claim and it was easily proved. He was a millionaire, and suddenly made one of the happiest young men in the world, for the name of Morgan was an honored one.

Honor and wealth became the portion of Teddy Martin, or Mark Morgan, as he now became known. This was not all, for in due time there came to him the most charming of life companions in the shape of beautiful Alice Bent.

To-day the boy fireman is one of the foremost citizens of Ashland. He is no longer foreman of Hero Forty-Four, but he spends much of his time at the old engine-house with the boys; and his veins tingle as ever at the clang of the fire alarm. What more of joy could we wish him?

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOYS OF BANG-UP CANYON; OR, THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST GOLD MINE." By An Old Scout.

## CURRENT NEWS

It would be interesting to know if any part of the world beats Iceland in the average length of life of its inhabitants. On an average the people of that island live to the age of 61.8 years, which is very nearly double the mean duration of human life as it was computed a generation ago. Sweden and Norway are regarded as very healthy countries, but Iceland takes the palm in longevity, the mean duration of life in Sweden being 50.02 years and in Norway 49.94 years.

Conservative historians among the Chinese now claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C., and claim that it was established by Tohi, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis B. C. 2240.

John Geroviani, thirty years old, of Hackensack, N. J., employed in the Continental Paper Company plant at Bogota, was caught the other afternoon between two rolls of paper and was crushed or smothered to death. It was his work to remain under the rolls of new made paper and pick up the broken pieces. A bulge in one of the rolls caused one of the men to investigate and Geroviani was found dangling from between two rolls. The plant closed down after the accident. Geroviani leaves a family.

Two Japanese officers, Lieutenants Tokuda and Kimura, were killed while giving an exhibition flight in an aeroplane before a large gathering of Members of Parliament. Their machines broke down when making a turn at a height of 1,000 feet, and they were dashed to the ground. Lieutenant Bressard, a French army officer, was killed while making a flight in an aeroplane at Verdon, France, March 28th. His motor burst when he was at a height of 2,500 feet. The machine crumpled up and the aviator was found dead in the debris.

For a long time it has been noted that smokers are relatively immune to certain epidemic sicknesses, especially cholera. Dr. Wenck, professor of the Imperial Institute of Berlin, has found that by manipulating cigars in water containing 1,500,000 cholera bacilli per cubic centimeter the microbes were destroyed in the course of twenty-four hours. The same doctor has proved that tobacco smoke rapidly kills the cholera germ. In a tobacco factory in Hamburg not a single case of cholera was found among the workers during the last great epidemic, though they lived in districts most affected by the plague.

Blind in one eye since birth, losing the other by accident, and then discovering that the sight of the blind one had returned, is the strange experience of Severin H. Hermanson, of Marinette, Wis. In a recent sleigh ride tipover, a

sliver penetrated the eyeball of the "good" eye and also the brain. Doctors said that he would never see again, for the sight of the "good" eye was gone. However, when the bandages were removed, Hermanson picked up a newspaper and began to read. To his own and the doctors' amazement it was found that the sight of the "bad" eye was excellent, but that of the "good" was gone. It is believed that the sliver struck a nerve when it entered the brain and performed an operation on the "bad" eye.

If the bill introduced by Senator White, of Jefferson County, Ark., is enacted into a law, it will be unlawful to employ young girls at cigar stands in that State in the future. The Little Rock Juvenile Court has had several distressing cases before it recently traced directly to the employment of girls in cigar stands. Three young girls were taken before the court by their parents, who told pitiful stories of moral delinquencies of their children caused by being employed in such places. County Judge Asher, who presides over the Juvenile Court, and Mayor Taylor held a conference, with the result that efforts will be made to get the Legislature to enact a law prohibiting the employment of young girls in cigar stands of the State.

Miss Flossie Lester, a stenographer, was marooned with several men in a moving van in Edgemont, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio, when the flood broke. Eventually the van was overturned and the party was thrown into the icy waters. The van horses broke loose and separated, swimming for their lives. One of them passed close to the woman, who grasped a dangling strap and succeeded in climbing astride. For more than a mile and a half Miss Lester clung with her arms about the horse's neck until at last he reached a high approach of the levee near a farm house. Here she dropped to the ground unconscious and was taken in by the farmer's family. The horse was taken to the barn. Miss Lester told rescuers that she will buy the horse if its owner can be found.

To preserve and develop the wonderful music of the American Indians, now fast disappearing with the passing of the race, Secretary of the Interior Lane appointed Geoffry O'Hara, a composer, as an instructor in music under the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It will be Mr. O'Hara's duty to record native Indian music and arrange it for use in the Indian schools. He is to live in reservations with the Indians and obtain a record of the music, and with this as a basis cultivate the use of the Indian songs in the schools. In his letter directing the appointment of Mr. O'Hara Secretary Lane said: "I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indians an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their fathers produced. Our effort should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and to keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

# THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

## THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER IV. (Continued)

A piece of twine was produced, and fastening Miss Coffeen's new teeth to one end, Freda lowered it until they just brushed Jack Navarro's nose. As his flesh came in contact with the cold ivory his eyes flew open, and he sprang to his feet, the others following his example.

"Delighted to meet you once more, ladies," he exclaimed, bowing low, and then his gaze wandered from the three bright young faces peering over the wall, and rested upon Freda's beautiful one. "I deeply regret that we scared you away from the brook this afternoon. It is not often that we are so honored by seeing four such charming mermaids."

"And it is not often that we are allowed to see a coat," Freda responded, promptly. "Even one hanging on a nail is a rare treat. But when there's a real live man wearing it, and a soldier at that—ah, gentlemen, it is an episode never to be forgotten! Why, actually we have been shut up here so long that we can hardly tell a man from a gorilla."

A burst of laughter followed her remarks, and then he spoke again.

"May we come over to your side, fair maiden?" he asked, in a mock pleading voice, his black eyes meeting her brown ones. "Just to prove to you that we are not gorillas, but harmless, peaceable individuals, though our looks may be against us. In order to assure you that we are civilized, I will introduce my comrades. Now this young gentleman," slapping a tall, pale, melancholy looking youth on the back, "is Mr. Edward Roth, a—pray do not faint, ladies—poet! Longfellow, Tennyson, Meredith—in fact, all such ordinary scribblers are not in it with him. And this one wearing the eyeglass is, we suspect, an English lord in disguise. His name is Howard Chester, better known to the members of Company D as 'Chappie Chester.' That ordinary chap there close by the wall is Richard Burnett, a common, everyday sort of a fellow, who has a queer way of minding his own business; and my name is Jacques Navarro—Jack for short. Now I guess you know us."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Navarro," Freda replied, in a business-like manner. "Now, for the other side of the wall. That young damsel on the end, the one opposite your poetical friend, is Miss Dorothy Dutton, a girl who will win the confidence of an open-faced pie, and then ruthlessly destroy it, quicker than any one I ever knew. And the one next to her is Miss Adelaide Patty, a rival to the great diva herself. You ought to hear her sing 'After The Ball.' This young damsel's name beside me is Winona Avery, and mine is Freda May. We are always together. Where you find one you are sure to find the other. And every spring and autumn we blossom out in a new suit of blue. It's a failing we have, but we will outgrow it in time. Madam La Rue is away for the day, Miss Coffeen

is in her room, where she will remain until we choose to let her out, and, Monte Cristo, we can say the orchard is ours."

It is needless to say that the invitation was accepted, and in another moment they were in the orchard shaking hands all around. After awhile they became separated in couples. Edward Roth and Dorothy Dutton were sitting on the grass beneath a large apple tree. "Chappie" Chester and Adelaide Patty were walking to and fro in the shadow of the wall, discussing a new opera, while Richard Burnett and Winona Avery were chatting away like old friends, seated upon a rustic seat in a shaded bower of wild clematis, and Freda and Jack Navarro occupied the big rope swing that Madam La Rue had allowed to be placed there for the young ladies.

"Do you know I feel as if we had been acquainted for years," he remarked, suddenly, thinking as he gazed admiringly at her how lovely she was. "And the day I saw you at dress parade I felt as though I knew you."

"Why, that was only yesterday," she replied, lowering her long lashes and wondering why his dark eyes had the power to make her heart flutter so. "You fished me out of the river last night, you know."

"It seems longer than that to me," he said, in a low voice. "I could almost say that it was a year instead of a day."

She turned away her bronze head, and said nothing. For the first time in her life she was at a loss for a reply.

It was very pleasant out there in the orchard, and into four of those young lives there had come a wondrous change. And in a dim and vague way they realized it, though it was cherished secretly in each heart. Never had the sky seemed so blue, the grass so green, the air so balmy as it was on that fair June day. There was sweeter music in the songs of the wild birds, and the whisper of the wind among the trees breathed love and happiness. Ah, happy, happy days! Only once can they be lived, but ever remembered.

The hours flew by on golden wings, and they did not realize how time was passing until Jack Navarro looked at his watch, and springing to his feet, cried:

"Boys, we have just time to get back to camp for dress parade. I did not dream it was so late," and then turning to Freda, he asked in a low voice:

"When shall I be able to see you again?"

Before she could answer him, Winona Avery's voice interrupted her.

"Oh, Fred, we have planned a perfectly glorious time for to-night. We four girls are to meet them out here at midnight, and go for a sail. Won't that be elegant? Mr. Burnett says they can steal away from camp and return without being found out. I wouldn't miss it for anything, would you?"

"Are you sure that you young ladies can get away unseen?" Jack Navarro asked Freda.

"Let us alone for that," she answered with a laugh. "When the jolly quartette make up their minds to do a thing they usually carry it out, unless Dorothy eats too much or Adelaide makes a racket by singing at the wrong time. So if nothing happens to prevent, we will meet the gentlemen here at midnight."

(To be Continued)

## NEWS PARAGRAPHS

A tale of cannibalism came out of Mexico recently which struck terror into the hearts of peace-loving Mexicans and Americans living on the border. After the fighting north of Del Rio, according to this message, a band of fierce and war-like Yaqui Indians, from the deepest interior of Sonora, who are fighting as allies of General Obregon's insurgent troops, held a feast and war dance, eating the bodies of a number of soldiers who were picked up on the battlefield. General Obregon, learning of the barbarous practice of his Indian warriors, forbade their eating human flesh and a strict watch is now being kept upon the Indians to prevent a recurrence of the terrible orgies.

Reduction of parcel post rates are foreshadowed at Washington March 22d by data which the Postoffice Department has been collecting as to the cost of the new service. It is likely that rates on packages between cities of less than 500 miles apart will be cut and the weight limit may be increased to 15 pounds. The Postoffice Department has called for data from all postmasters, which will show the number of packages handled and the costs of handling and shipment. These reports will not be complete until after April 1st. Postal experts believe revenues could be greatly increased by a reduction of rates.

King Alfonso of Spain was rather seriously hurt March 27th while playing polo. The accident occurred just as the game was beginning. The King cantered across the field to reach his position. While doing so his pony fell, and his majesty was caught with one leg under the animal. He was able to extricate himself without help and immediately lighted a cigarette. No bones were broken, but he suffered from some severe bruises. The King insisted on presiding over the Cabinet Council to-day against the advice of his physician. Count Romanones, the Premier, afterward informed the press that there was no need for anxiety as to the King's condition.

It is reported that a Washington city policeman profiting by his experience in connection with stolen automobiles, has invented a lock for automobiles for application in the ignition circuit in such manner as to form a part of such circuit. The improved device is said to comprise a rotary electrical switch with which is combined a mechanical locking device which may be adjusted so that it will not interfere with the operation of the switch and which in addition to opening the switch lock, may, by means of a suitable key, form a part of the electrical circuit and the insertion of any key other than the proper one, will not permit the operation of the lock.

Charles Healey, ten years old, and Andrew Palker, twelve years old, newsboys of New Hartford, Conn., are entitled to a big reward, in the opinion of trainmen of the Central New England Railway, for saving the late passenger train from Hartford to Winsted the other night from crashing into a landslide at New Hartford. The heavy

rains caused tons of rock and earth on Gates Hillside to slide, and the avalanche completely covered the tracks, which are thirty feet above the Farmington River. On discovering the landslide the boys ran to the trackmen's shanty, where men were just quitting work for the day, and gave the alarm. A section man stopped the Winsted bound train. Men toiled five hours clearing the track. Passengers were brought to Winsted on a special train.

The house in Caldwell, N. J., where Grover Cleveland was born, was dedicated as a memorial to him on March 18th, with appropriate exercises in which his son, Richard, and his daughter, Esther, took part. Their mother, who is now Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, was present. The principal address was made by Judge Alton B. Parker, and a program of vocal music was rendered by the school children of the town and the Boy Scouts' organization. Other speakers were John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York; John Espy, Mayor of Caldwell; Edward C. Bennett, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, Charles S. Fairchild, and the Rev. Nelson B. Chester. The formal transfer of the house from the ownership of the Caldwell Presbyterian Church to the Memorial Committee was accomplished by Thomas A. Buckner giving a check for \$17,610 in exchange for a deed of the property. Richard Cleveland opened the door of the house and Esther Cleveland entered the room where her father was born and placed a bouquet upon the table. The balance of the \$25,000 raised by the committee will be used with another fund of \$25,000 to be raised for the maintenance of the memorial. A memorial library, for which Andrew Carnegie has given \$7,500, will be erected near by.

In one month last summer several million flying beetles, hatched in a cargo of logs from the west coast of Panama, did between \$10,000 and \$25,000 damages to the lumber in the yards of the Astoria Veneer Mills on the East River front in Astoria, according to evidence in a suit before Justice Blackmar, in a special term of the Queens County Supreme Court, Long Island City, in which the Veneer Company asks damages from J. A. Horsey & Sons, shipping brokers, of 68 Broad street, Manhattan, and the cancellation of a contract with that firm which gave them the privilege of storing their Panama lumber shipments in the yards of the Veneer Company. Among other lumber firms who told of the depredations made in their lumber by this unnumbered army of beetles were George D. Emory & Co., Uptergraf & Beckwith, Lewis Thompson Company, J. J. Bonneau Company and E. L. Sinsobaugh. Dr. E. P. Felt, State Entomologist, told the justice that the scientific name for the bugs was *Platypus punctulatus*. They are about an eighth of an inch long, and enter the logs through pin holes, but once inside they begin to make themselves at home by fitting up a series of chambers in which to lay their eggs. The lumber men said that if left to themselves they would have eaten up several million dollars' worth of lumber.

# On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

## The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER IV. (Continued)

That was the situation. Horace drew his revolver and placing Sylvia behind him crouched behind his wheel.

He heard the voice of his companion the succeeding moment.

"Look! Look!" she cried, pointing westward along the edge of the canyon wall.

Horace glanced quickly in that direction and saw what he had not previously seen—a log that had fallen across the canyon. It spanned the chasm, and there was a way to it, a shelf-like projection that overhung the abyss.

It was narrow, so narrow that Horace had thought when he first reached the canyon that he dare not attempt to run his safety along it.

But now there was a motive to take the great risk.

If he could reach the log there was a bare chance that he could cross the chasm upon it with his wheel.

Instantly he told Sylvia he had resolved to make the desperate attempt. They remounted the safety. Just then their pursuers came in sight.

The ruffians saw the brink of the canyon, saw the boy bicyclist and the girl, saw and yelled in exultation as if it seemed to them the cruelly hunted ones could not longer elude them.

But, as the enemy came in sight, Horace sent the safety along the shelf-like ledge. There no mounted man would dare follow. A single misstep of the horse would send steed and rider to the bottom of the canyon.

"They are dismounting," said Sylvia, presently, as she looked back.

Buckley is in the lead," she added.

Just then the leader of the pursuers shouted:

"Hold on there, young fellow, or it will be the worse for you! We've got you now, anyhow!"

Horace made no answer. He felt Sylvia tremble, and he knew with what terror the speaker inspired her.

"Courage!" he whispered. "Yonder log must have been cut by man. See, the branches are all trimmed off. Sylvia, I am about to take a desperate risk—to try to cross the chasm on the log."

The log was reached as he spoke.

Sylvia closed her eyes, to shut out the dizzy fall below, as Horace cautiously advanced the safety upon the narrow log. He seemed not to hear the astonished cries of his pursuers, but kept his eyes fixed ahead. In a moment he was midway over the canyon, while the ruffians led by Earl Buckley rushed forward toward the end of the log, on the side of the canyon which he had left.

It was a scene that seemed to thrill the hearts even of the cruel men, who had driven the brave boy to this heroic deed.

They paused when they reached the log, and for a moment they gazed spellbound at the doubly laden wheel, which was being propelled across that dizzy height.

The moment of respite was of the greatest value to Horace. He improved the brief interval while the pursuers hesitated and sent the wheel on and on until, at last, he safely reached the opposite side of the canyon.

But the danger was not passed. The way beyond was obstructed by rocks and boulders. He could make little speed there, and the pursuers were preparing to cross the log.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE YOUNG FUGITIVES OF THE WILDS ALONE.

Horace and Sylvia had alighted from the wheel.

Horace seized the end of the log and tried to dislodge it from the edge of the canyon, but his strength was not equal to the task.

"Let me help you. I'm not very strong, but I can lift a little," cried Sylvia, and she too grasped the log at which Horace vainly strained and tugged.

But their united efforts did not serve to move the log from its resting place. Then seeing a large sapling which had been cut and trimmed in the form of a handspike, probably by the same hand that had felled the tree, Horace snatched it up and using it as a lever he sought to pry the log off the edge of the ledge. Sylvia aided him; the log moved at last.

Just then Earl Buckley stepped upon the opposite end to begin his advance.

But as he felt the log move he sprang back. An instant more, while the boy and girl put forth all their strength upon the lever, the log was pushed clear of the ledge on their side, and down it went, striking at the bottom of the canyon with a tremendous crash.

The discomfited pursuers howled in disappointment, and Horace and Sylvia sank down upon the rocks, panting and breathless.

But almost instantly Sylvia saw Buckley raise his pistol. He was taking aim at Horace. The boy was glancing in the direction in which he must make his further flight.

"Jump behind the rocks! Buckley is going to shoot!" cried Sylvia.

The warning was given not a moment too soon, for as Horace leaped behind a great rock at his side, the sharp crack of Buckley's discharged weapon rang out.

The bullet flattened against the rock before Horace.

Then he darted out and dragged his safety behind the boulder, and Sylvia followed.

"Do you know the way onward from this point to the ownerless Valley?" asked Horace anxiously.

"I am not quite sure, but I think we should go straight in that direction," she responded, pointing in a south-westerly course.

"Then we will not delay here. We cannot be sure that the ruffians may not find some place where they can cross the canyon," he said.

They remounted the safety, and Horace sent it along in the course which Sylvia had pointed out.

But they proceeded slowly, for the young cyclist was obliged to pick his way cautiously among the rocks and boulders.

( To be Continued )

# ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Health Commissioner Lederle, of New York, wants \$66,400 to fight mosquitoes. Of this \$25,000 is wanted for Brooklyn. The Park Board will drain the marshes at Pelham Bay this year as part of the anti-mosquito campaign.

Three thousand girl stenographers have signed a petition circulated in Montreal protesting against the portrayal of members of their craft in moving pictures as chewers of gum and wearers of "rats." The petition will be sent to the makers of moving picture films in Canada and the United States.

According to figures which have just been issued by the German government, 120 motor "road trains" have been subsidized for the year 1913 by the kingdom of Prussia, and 15 by Bavaria. This number added to the 690 which were under the control of the government in 1912, there are now 825 of these motor vehicles at the disposal of the German military authorities in case of war.

John B. Franklin, of Jamesburg, N. J., has had all his chickens stolen but one. He proposes to lay the cornerstone of a burglar-proof chicken-house of granite for that hen. It will have double barred and locked windows and door and will be fitted with an electric alarm system. A sign posted on his gate invites "all chicken thieves" to attend the ceremonies.

Miss Florence Markham, of Interlaken, Mass., March 21st, received a four-year contract for carrying the mail between Interlaken and Stockbridge. Since 1889, when she was seventeen years old, she has carried the mails between these places, covering in all 86,400 miles. Miss Markham receives \$300 a year. She was paid \$150 a year when she began. She says she has no time for afternoon teas and receptions, as she covers the distance, three miles, each way twice a day. One horse, Fanny, she has driven for sixteen years.

With a catch of 36,000 seals the steamer Stephano returned to St. Johns, N. F., March 30th, the first of the sealing fleet operators in Newfoundland waters to report. She brought news that the Nascopie had 27,000 fish; the Florizel, 22,000; the Sagona 23,000; the Eagle, 12,000; the Bellaventure, 10,000; the Bonaventure 8,000, and the Adventure, 7,000. Others of the fleet had poor luck. Advices from the four ships sealing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence indicate that the prospects for a good season are excellent.

More than a hundred passengers on a Michigan Central train, bound from Kalamazoo, Mich., to Chicago, rode several miles at top speed March 30th with an unconscious and dying engineer at the throttle. As the train pulled into Hammond, Ind., Joseph Gondert, the fireman, was driving the engine with one hand and holding the engineer, John Bentley, propped up with the other. Bentley died as the wheels stopped moving. The fireman said

Bentley had complained of a severe pain in his stomach while at Niles. Just before reaching Hammond he noticed that the train had not slowed down as usual. He then discovered the engineer's condition.

## CYCLING RIVALS AUTO.

What is more bracing than a fifteen-minute bicycle ride in the invigorating morning air?

More people are taking to the bicycle as a means of exercise than ever before.

To the man who is tied up in an office six days out of every week, a bicycle ride before and after work each day, and into the country on Sunday, braces him up for his work; he sees the beauty of Nature, and has a better understanding of Her.

Exercise before breakfast each morning starts one off for the day with clear eyes, and a clean brain. And a clear brain is necessary these days.

The demand for bicycles during 1913 will be larger than ever, we learn from the Mead Cycle Company, the largest bicycle manufacturers in the world, who are making preparations to fill the demand.

"Our twenty-seven years' experience has enabled us each year to make our bicycles just a little better," said a prominent official of the company. "People who buy bicycles to-day expect to get their money's worth in service. Our bicycles are built for hard service—and they give it. We are particular to see that every part that goes into each bicycle is up to our high standard. As an illustration of what may be expected of our bicycles, a seven-year-old stock machine, ridden by Marcel Planes—a twenty-one-year-old boy—won the 'Century Competition' race held in England in 1911, by covering 33,200 miles, breaking the world's record for a year's checked riding by several thousand miles.

"An explanation of how these races are held may be of interest. 'Cycling,' a weekly published in England for those interested in bicycling, promotes each year what are called 'Century Competitions.'

"The idea is this: Over the entire kingdom 100-mile routes are planned. The rider who covers the most 100-mile, or century routes, in one year, is the recipient of a highly prized gold medal. Each century must be ridden within twenty-four hours, and only the 100-mile unit is figured in the competition. Shorter distances are not recorded. All along the routes are stations where detailed men check up the card of each rider to prove he has passed such and such a section of the route. These route cards are turned in weekly and credited to the score of the competitor."

A bicycle that isn't built for racing, but covers 33,200 miles in its seventh year, certainly speaks well for the company that made it—Mead Cycle Company—and those expecting to invest in a bicycle should write the Mead people at Chicago for their 1913 catalogue, which, by the way, is the most comprehensive ever issued by this well-known bicycle company.

## MANAGING AN ELEPHANT.

By Horace Appleton.

James Twitchell, who has managed several of the leading shows of the country, relates the following experience with an elephant, that happened some years ago:

"The show disbanded at Chicago. Bamboo, the trick elephant, was leased to the Kiralfy Bros., who were about to open their season in Boston. Bamboo had established a name for himself as a savage, treacherous brute, who had killed and maimed at least a dozen men. He had a keeper who was to accompany him, but keepers of elephants, according to Charles Reade and other authorities, are much in the habit of becoming and remaining drunk. Such was the normal condition of the keeper of Bamboo. He could control the gigantic brute on emergency, but he knew nothing about business, even when sober, and would be as helpless as an infant to effect the necessary change of transportation at Buffalo from the Lake Shore road to the New York Central, and at New York to the Sound steamboat. Therefore some man of business must be sent along in the elephant car. I happened to be the chosen victim. I was furnished with sixty dollars, estimated as ample provision for all contingencies, and with a drunken keeper and vicious elephant started from Chicago by the Lake Shore, New York Central, and the Sound steamer.

"I hadn't much idea," he said, "of the dangerous character of the journey until we were perhaps a hundred miles out of Chicago. The bottom of the car was thickly littered with hay, in which Bamboo, the keeper, and myself were to sleep together. The keeper's bottle was one of my earliest discoveries and discouragements. The novelty of the situation kept me awake pretty much all the first night out, and it was with some dismay that I discovered that the keeper was hopelessly drunk, snoring in the hay. That I would not have minded had Bamboo only kept quiet. But he didn't and wouldn't, and that first night, before I had become in the least accustomed to the situation, was simply a night of horrors. In the still hours of that night, with the train rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, I would at short intervals hear a muffled snort from the monster at the other end of the car, and then felt a gigantic foot shoving against me, or the end of his trunk passing inquisitively over my face. Then I would jump up and yell to the keeper, with energetic kicks, to emphasize my remarks.

"The drunken keeper would get on his feet, swear, give Bamboo an unmerciful prodding with his fork, the great brute would lie down and cry, and we would have peace.

"About daylight we were in the vicinity of Erie, Pa. Here Bamboo took cognizance of his surroundings in a disagreeable way. Elephant cars, be it understood, are specially built and fitted for the transportation of these brutes, and the car in which we first embarked was not of the kind. It was not high enough nor strong enough. When the vicious brute had thoroughly satisfied himself of these facts he rose up out of the hay, arched his ugly back, and burst the whole top of the car out.

"We stopped at Erie. There was loud swearing and clamor by the railroad men for compensation for the damage. I told them to send their bill to the Kiralfys, and,

in the meantime, if they didn't want the elephant on their hands to take care of, they had better help me get him to Boston as fast as possible.

"We arrived at Buffalo. A necessity of the trip was a change of cars at this point. The elephant had been well fed and well watered, and might have had the decency to behave himself. The keeper got him out of the wrecked car in good shape and started him for his new quarters in the waiting train. A great pile of blackberry crates was near, but not at all in the way. May I be blamed if that villainous brute didn't make for them and destroy twenty-four full crates before the keeper could restrain him.

"Well, everybody knows the law about elephants and other wild beasts. I had to settle for the blackberries on the spot, and a large hole it made in my \$60.

"On Sunday morning we unloaded at the Grand Central station in New York and, getting into Broadway, marched triumphantly down. Of my sixty dollars I had left a dollar and a half. Bamboo had eaten up and destroyed more than fifty dollars' worth. The keeper was gloriously drunk; but we had passed the larger part of the journey, we had but one stage more and I had high hopes of getting into Boston Tuesday morning, at the furthest.

"Presently one of the mounted police overhauled us at a gallop.

"Where's your permit," he demanded, "to take this elephant through the streets?"

"I had to admit that we had none.

"Then I'll have to take him in charge."

"Bamboo raised his trunk at a motion from the keeper and gave a terrific snort. The mounted policeman disappeared.

"Before we reached the lower part of the city, foot policemen came up at intervals, and demanded to see our permit. The keeper always averred the utmost willingness to surrender all control of his vicious charge to the police; but the offer was invariably declined. Not always with thanks, but it was declined. With much trouble we got the brute quartered in a barn on Crosby street. We slept with him, and ate cold junk for twenty-four hours. When we marched aboard the Sound steamer with Bamboo the next day my \$1.50 was gone, and the keeper and I had left our coats as security for the elephant's board.

"The name of Kiralfy aided, I believe, by a telegram from the management to the captain of the boat secured our transportation, and I fondly fancied that my woes were over. But let no man put his trust in an elephant! Bamboo was reserving his master stroke for the finish. In the streets of Boston we met a car. The elephant deliberately killed the horse with one blow of his trunk; the car was overturned; the passengers fainted, screamed and ran; a short parley was held with the police, which resulted in a final triumphant procession to the Kiralfy barn. First, a very long distance ahead walked a squad of police; next came Bamboo, his keeper and business manager; next, at a respectful distance, in the rear, a dozen reporters; last, several thousand of the miscellaneous population of Boston, anxious to do us honor.

"And I never rejoiced so in my life as when, thirty minutes later, I ceased to be business manager for an elephant."

## TIMELY TOPICS

### TWO LOVERS SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES.

Wendell Phillips Milne, Winnebago County millionaire, and Carrie Elizabeth V. Bowden, eighteen-year-old daughter of one of his farm tenants, who sued him for \$20,000 for breach of promise, were married recently, and the case will be dropped at the opening of court. A license was obtained following a consultation between attorneys for the two parties. At the time the case was brought Miss Bowden declared she loved Milne and desired him rather than the money which she demanded as heart balm. In her allegations she declared she had received many costly presents from Milne in the last eighteen months. Miss Bowden is considered one of the handsomest women in Northern Illinois.

### DIAZ WILLING TO RETURN TO MEXICO.

Ex-President Diaz is reported to be greatly pleased over his reinstatement in the Mexican army at full pay, although he has been on the retired list. He says the Mexican army wants him to return. He was invited to go back when he was in Egypt and the invitation was renewed when he reached Naples. A deputation from Mexico is now on the way to Europe to extend a formal invitation for him to return. General Diaz said he wanted to die in his own country, but does not aspire for power. He was willing to return if left to pursue his life in peace. He said that he would not accept the Presidency under any consideration and would not meddle in politics. He is convinced that after elections Mexico will be pacified and a government firmly established.

### AN OLD BUILDING RESTORED.

If those British dragoons who sailed away from Boston thirty-seven years ago could return to the scenes of their riding exploits they would probably recognize the Old South Meeting House as it has emerged to-day from beneath the drab paint of nearly a century. The historic edifice was built in 1726 of red brick, but for some reason, which does not appear on its records, the outside walls were painted in the spring of 1815. The meeting house narrowly escaped destruction in the big fire of 1872, as well as a few years later, when an association was hurriedly formed to save its being supplanted by a business block. The success which attended the efforts of the state in bringing out the ancient features of the old State House, farther down Washington street, by washing off the paint, prompted the Old South Association to follow and recently the last trace of paint was removed.

### WOMAN COVERED WITH SCALES.

Members of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine were startled at their weekly meeting by the appearance of a woman with scales, similar to those of a fish, covering her body, who was exhibited by Dr. Robert Sattler, an oculist.

Dr. Sattler had her brought into the room while discussing a recent operation for the eyes. Dr. Sattler explained that through heredity she was afflicted with near-blindness.

In performing an operation on the woman's eyes Dr. Sattler discovered the peculiar scale formation of her skin.

"It is one of the most unique cases I have ever heard of," he said. "It cannot be explained."

The woman told the doctors that she felt no pain or inconvenience from her peculiar covering. After the scientific curiosity of the assembly had been gratified she was whisked away in an automobile.

### THE FRENCH FISHERMEN.

The French sea captains who bring their vessels across the Atlantic every spring to fish on the Newfoundland Banks navigate almost exactly as they did in the days of Columbus. Of the 280 French sailing vessels on the Banks last year 240 were fitted out in Normandy and Brittany. Their captains found their way across the trackless wastes of the ocean without difficulty. They take observations for latitude, but they have no chronometers and are unable to tell their longitude except by guesswork. On the westward voyage they can tell by soundings when they arrive on the Banks. On the return voyage in the fall they roughly estimate their position when they cross the lanes of the trans-Atlantic liners converging toward the English Channel. In spite of this primitive navigation these skippers reach port in safety year after year. There are about 7,500 men engaged in this fishery. They leave France in March and the voyage takes from fourteen to forty-five days, according to the weather. They return in the fall, and their total earnings for the seven months average not more than \$150.

### AVIATION RECORDS BROKEN.

Three American aviation records were broken by the Army Signal Corps in Texas, if the preliminary reports received recently are correct. A telegraph message which came to the local headquarters stated that Lieutenants Milling and Sherman, of the Signal Corps Aero Squadron No. 1, flew from Texas City, Tex., to San Antonio in army machine No. 9, a Burgess tractor, with seventy-horse Renault engine. The flight of 237 miles was made in 3 hours and 20 minutes, according to the dispatch. This breaks not only the American record for cross-country flying with a passenger, but also sets a new record for the longest cross-country flight in a single day, established by C. P. Rodgers on October 28, 1911, when he flew 231 miles without a passenger. The message said further that the army aviators were in the air 4 hours and 22 minutes, breaking Walter E. Johnson's record for duration of flight with a passenger, made at Bath, N. Y., on October 31st of last year. Johnson and his passenger were up 3 hours and 51 minutes. Lieutenants Milling and Sherman are attached to the regular army aviation squad, which went to the Mexican border with the Second Division about two months ago. Lieutenant Milling was seen in a number of flights at Nassau Boulevard last summer and has several other records to his credit on the books of the Aero Club of America.

# INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

## BED OF FULLER'S EARTH FOUND.

An extensive deposit of fuller's earth has been discovered on the shore of Gatun Lake near Gatun, Panama. Superficial examinations indicate that it is of the best quality and one of the most extensive found anywhere.

It lies so close to the water's edge that the construction of a railway to connect the deposit with a wharf would cost but little, while the wharf itself could be built on the edge of the lake within a few feet of deep water. The deposit is on land owned by the United States government.

Fuller's earth is used in the manufacture of woollen goods and in removing grease from fabrics of wool. The largest deposits are found in England, and it is imported into the United States. The peculiar value of the deposit lies in its location on the edge of Gatun Lake. It may enter largely into the solution of the problem of "return cargo" for ships that carry coal from Hampton Roads to Panama.

## LEATHER BEING INVENTED.

One of the latest German patents protects a method of preparing a substance which it is asserted can be used as a substitute for leather. This "all leather" substance is prepared from a special mildew or fungus grown on gelatine or a similar substance. Various kinds of fungi can be grown by planting their spores on the gelatine surface and then keeping the surface wet. Some of the growths are colorless, others have red, brown, gray or even bluish tints, and all the lighter shades seem capable of taking dye. The leather produced up to now has been thin, very soft and rather weak. The inventors are, however, now working to get a stronger material by the addition of white of egg or glue, by means of which it is hoped that several thin layers of the new product may be tanned together and that there will be no limit to the thickness of the new material.

## MOLE CATCHING IN HOLLAND.

According to Vice Consul D. P. De Young, stationed at Amsterdam, Holland, a new industry has sprung into prominence in that consular district in the last year or two. It is the catching and skinning of moles for their fur, which is soft and velvety and substitutes well for seal. One shipper of that district cleared \$75,000 in 1912 in these skins alone. The fact is, according to Mr. De Young, that an animal that was formerly looked on by the farmer as a pest has suddenly become a valuable commercial asset. Farmers are paid from 10 to 15 cents (American currency) for each skin.

Great quantities of mole skins are shipped to the United States and other countries, and the mole is consequently becoming extinct in Holland. In fact, it is thought that a new law will have to be passed to regulate their killing, as scientific opinions in that country differ regarding the harmfulness of these animals. Some say that the vermin

they destroy more than offsets the harm done by them to the roots of plants.

Hides and skins exported to the United States from the Amsterdam consular district increased from less than \$50,000 in 1911 to slightly over \$1,000,000 in 1912, for which increase the moleskin business was largely responsible.

## WAR DOGS GUARD RAILROADS.

After several attempts had been made to damage the railways used for the transportation of Greek troops into Turkish territory dogs were employed to guard the lines, the Greek government being unable to spare soldiers for the purpose. The results were excellent. At Laissa in particular the entire railroad line was efficaciously protected by dogs.

So much interest has been aroused in Europe by this new use for dogs and the success of the experiment that reports have been officially asked for by the various European military authorities concerning the special training of the dogs.

For several years perfectly trained police dogs have been found invaluable in Paris and they have been assigned to important duties. All along the banks of the Seine dogs watch for accidents. If a careless passenger or an unwary boatman falls off one of the many boats and barges plying constantly up and down the Seine one of the big, beautiful Newfoundland river guards bounds into the water to the rescue, barking to give the alarm and often swimming with the limp body to the shore. Even the bridges are closely watched by the dogs, for from the Seine bridges many despairing men and women leap into the river, hoping thus to end their misery.

It is now believed that countless railway wrecks due to deliberate design during labor troubles could be prevented if railroad sections were policed by dogs. Their efficacy in this duty has been unquestionably proved in the Balkan war.

Dogs are now used to escort prisoners to and from jail in Paris. They will courageously attack their enemy even when fired upon, as a notorious bandit found to his cost during a recent struggle to escape while being conveyed to trial. This is a result obtained by careful training.

How to defend his master is another important lesson taught the police dog. The dog must snarl and bite as soon as an attempt to hold up his master is made. In this the police dog is developing marvellous qualities.

Guarding property is another of the police dog's duties, and in this also he has proved himself an adept. Articles left in his care are safe and faithfully watched.

His moral training forms as much of a police dog's education as his professional lessons. He is taught to be honest and faithful and not to accept a bribe. The latter is important because poisoned meat is often offered to these dogs. The police dog soon learns to eat nothing but what his master serves him and is an example to many men in his resistance to temptation.

### MAGIC COINER.



A mystifying and amusing trick. Tin blanks are placed under the little tin cup and apparently coined into dimes. A real money-maker. Price, 20c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE FOUNTAIN RING.



A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### "UNCLE SAM" BANKS.



For Quarters, Nickels, Dimes, and Pennies. Every deposit registers. Quarter Banks register 80 deposits or \$20.00, the Nickel Bank holds 200 deposits or \$10.00, the Dime Bank holds 200 deposits or \$20.00, and the Penny Bank contains 100 deposits or \$1.00. These banks are about 4 1/2 inches long, 4 inches high, 3 inches wide and weigh from 7-8 lb. to 1 1/2 lbs. They are made of heavy cold rolled steel, are beautifully ornamented, and cannot be opened until the full amount of their capacity is deposited. When the coin is put in the slot, and a lever is pressed, a bell rings. The indicator always shows the amount in the bank. All the mechanism is securely placed out of reach of meddling fingers. It is the strongest, safest, and most reliable bank made as it has no key, but locks and unlocks automatically. Price, \$1.00 each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### GREAT PANEL TRICK.



This remarkable illusion consists of a simple, plain wooden panel, octagonal in shape, with no signs of a trick about it. The panel can be examined by any one; you then ask for a penny or silver coin and place it on the center of the panel; then at the word of command the coin immediately disappears. You do not change the position of the panel at any time, but hold it in full view of the audience all the time. The coin does not pass into the performer's hand, nor into his sleeve; neither does it drop upon the floor. The second illusion is as wonderful as the first; at the word of command the coin again appears upon the center of the panel as mysteriously as it went. We send full printed instructions by the aid of which any one can perform the trick, to the astonishment and delight of their friends. Price, 15c., 2 for 25c., by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



Sure Fire  
Accuracy  
Penetration

### The World's Record Holders

Remington-UMC .22 cal. cartridges have broken two records in two years.

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

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BOYS make money; write for particulars and receive free sample; sure to please.  
THE P. J. EFF COMPANY, 753 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

### POCKET FLASH LIGHT SQUIRT.



Made of decorated enameled metal, representing an exact flash pocket lighter; by pressing a button instead of the bulb's eye, an electrically lighted up stream of water is ejected into the face of the spectator; an entirely new and amusing novelty.

Price, 50c., postpaid.  
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE PHANTOM FINGER.



As these fingers are cast in moulds in which a person's fingers have been encased, they are a lifelike model of the same. The finger can be made to pass through a person's hat or coat without injury to the hat or garment. It appears to be your own finger. A perfect illusion. Price, 15c.; 2 for 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.  
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nicked buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN,  
419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted.

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### FREE BLUE ENAMELLED FLAG PIN.



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This book explains how we actually start you in the Auto Business as CHAUFFEUR, REPAIR-MAN or SALESMAN. Our simple system of home training with lessons—charts and models—enables YOU to become an AUTO Expert. Demand exceeds supply. Write for free book and new employment plan. Don't delay.

PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 70-J Beaver Street, New York, N. Y.

BOYS Earn 4 to 7 cents on every 10 cent sale. Housekeepers buy again and again. Send 5 cents for 12 samples and full instructions. A. W. LEIBMAN, Mgr. Morris Park, Long Island, N. Y.

### MYSTERIOUS SKULL.



Shines in the dark. The most frightful ghost ever shown. A more startling effect could not be found. Not only will it afford tremendous amusement, but it is guaranteed to scare away burglars, bill collectors, and book agents. It cannot get out of order and can be used repeatedly. Price, 4x5 inches, 15c.; by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



This pencil is made up in handsome style and looks so inviting that every one will want to look at it. The natural thing to do is to write with it, and just as soon as your friend tries to write, the entire inside of the pencil flies back like a jumping jack, and "Mr. Noisy" will be frightened stiff. It is one of our best pencil tricks and you will have a hard job trying to keep it. Your friends will try to take it from you. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c.,

Postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickel plated brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.



It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickel plated with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the fife and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### MAGIC PIPE.



Made of a regular corn-cob pipe, with rubber figures inside; by blowing through the stem the figure will jump out. Made in following figures: rabbits, donkeys, cats, chickens, etc.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### MAGIC MIRROR.



Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sideways and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE CANADIAN WONDER CARD TRICK.



Astonishing, wonderful, and perplexing! Have you seen them? Any child can work them, and yet, what they do is so amusing that the sharpest people on earth are fooled. We cannot tell you what they do, or others would get next and spoil the fun. Just get a set and read the directions. The results will startle your friends and utterly mystify them. A genuine good thing if you wish to have no end of amusement.

Price by mail, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### PICTURE POSTALS.



They consist of Jungle sets, Map and Seal of States, Good Luck cards, Comics, with witty sayings and funny pictures, cards showing celebrated person's buildings, etc. In fact, there is such a great variety that it is not possible to describe them here. They are beautifully embossed in exquisite colors, some with glazed surfaces, and others in matt. Absolutely the handsomest cards issued.

Price 15c. for 25 cards by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.



The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

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### THE INK BLOT JOKER.



Fool Your Friends. —The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that

has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### SNAKE IN THE CAMERA.



To all appearances this little startler is a nice looking camera. The proper way to use it is to tell your friends you are going to take their pictures. Of course they are tickled, for nearly everybody wants to pose for a photograph. You arrange them in a group, fuss around a little bit, aim your camera at them, and request the ladies to look pleasant. As soon as they are smiling and trying to appear beautiful, press the spring in your camera. Imagine the yell when a huge snake jumps out into the crowd. Guaranteed to take the swelling out of any one's head at the first shot.

Price 35 cents, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.



—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will

push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE MAGIC CARD BOX.



One of the best and cheapest tricks for giving parlor or stage exhibitions. The trick is performed as follows: You request any two persons in your audience to each select a card from an ordinary pack of cards, you then produce a small handsome box made to imitate pebbled leather, which anyone may examine as closely as they will. You now ask one of the two who have selected cards to place his or her card inside the box, which being done, the lid is shut, and the box placed on the table. You then state that you will cause the cards to disappear and upon opening the box the card has vanished and the box found empty. The other card is now placed in the box; the lid is again closed and when the box is opened the first card appears as strangely as it went. Other tricks can be performed in various ways. You may cause several cards to disappear after they are placed in the box, and then you can cause them all to appear at once. You may tear a card up, place it in the box, and on lifting the cover it will be found whole and entire. In fact, nearly every trick of appearance and disappearance can be done with the Magic Card Box. Full printed instructions, by which anyone can perform the different tricks, sent with each box.

Price, 20c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1913.

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## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Clyde Stratton, serving a five-year sentence in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for the robbery of the McCool (Ind.) postoffice, escaped the other day by crawling a mile through the prison sewer. Two other prisoners who made the attempt with Stratton were captured.

A carload of wild elk from Wyoming passed through St. Anthony, Idaho, March 22d, for Joseph, Ore. The shipment is in charge of a deputy warden from Oregon. The elk are all young and the men in charge say they are even better than the herd received last year in Oregon. They will be placed in the big pasture in Oregon.

Women lead the men in high scholarships at Cornell University. Out of a registration of 5,000 students, of whom only 400 are "co-eds," eleven women were elected to-day to the Society of Phi Beta Kappa. Election to this organization is based on scholarship records over a four years' course. Of nine men elected, three are Chinese.

Widespread interest has been aroused by the announcement for passage a resolution calling for this appropriation of \$10,000,000 from Parliament for the advancement of agriculture throughout Canada. Martin Burrill is in charge in the House of Commons, and said that he will move for passage, a resolution calling for this appropriation to be paid out during the ten years following March, 1914, for the aid and advancement of the farming industry by agricultural education.

The largest excavation from a single slide in one day since the commencement of the Panama Canal was made on Friday, March 29th, when 10,184 cubic yards were removed from the Cucaracha slide by five steam shovels. The movement of the slide continues but the removal of the dirt is making favorable progress. The Panama residents of the Canal Zone, who must abandon their homes before September, will be taken care of by the Panama government. By act of Assembly each family will be granted a section of land on the site of the new town of Gorgona and along the upper Chagres River.

The American Henley regatta, scheduled to be held on the Schuylkill River on May 31st, will be rowed on May 24th, provided the crews from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis can arrange to come to Philadelphia on the earlier date. Assurances to this effect were given recently to a committee from the Harlem Rowing Association. The New York men held a conference with representatives of the American Rowing Association and the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen in an effort to avoid the conflict of dates between the Harlem regatta, which will be held on Memorial Day, and the American regatta, scheduled to be held on the following day.

The two five-hour expresses daily between New York and Boston over the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad are now made up of new all-steel Pullmans. These cars embody heavy cast steel U-shaped ends, forming the vestibules, connected by two heavy steel girders which make it well-nigh impossible for the cars to buckle or telescope. Each train consists of four parlor cars, a combination parlor and baggage car, a diner, and an observation smoker at the rear. The drawing-room has been dispensed with in the parlor cars. The ivory-white ceilings reflect the upwardly-thrown rays from ten 100-watt tungsten lamps, each of which is in a lacquered bronze bowl reflector. Each car has two sets of storage batteries connected in multiple, which provide enough current to run the lights when stops are being made at stations, and even for ten hours independently of the charging dynamo driven by a belt from the car axle. The Garland system of ventilation does away with all draughts. This system provides for the entrance of fresh air at the front of each car and the discharge of used air through ventilators in the roof.

A motion picture company of Copenhagen has just achieved some extraordinary results in the sale of motion pictures. With a capital of \$500,000 it has, during the first ten months, earned \$350,000, so the year's working will probably show something like cent per cent profit. Nor do the prospects for the future appear to be particularly gloomy. For the next financial year contracts have already been completed for the tidy sum of \$1,000,000 and some of the contracts extend over three years. One country alone is good for \$125,000 in orders for next year. Some novel enterprise, naturally, is needed to bring about such golden results, and from Norway, for instance, some complain that these Scandinavian motion picture companies carry their efforts a little too far, inasmuch as the novels of the great departed Norwegian writers are on occasion somewhat ruthlessly adapted to suit the interests of the film. Thus the surviving relatives of the famous Jonas Lie are highly indignant because there has been produced a motion picture version of his work, "The Commandant's Daughter," yet it was bought bona fide from Lie's publishers. News also comes from the Norwegian capital that Henrik Ibsen is about to be filmed. Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, Henrik Ibsen's only son, and once Swedish-Norwegian Minister in Washington, is not averse to this arrangement, provided the work is not mauled in the process and the cast is sufficiently high class. Gerhard Hauptmann has also just sold his jubilee novel, "Atlantis," to the company.

# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## BOMB PROOF BULLION TRAIN.

Making monthly shipments amounting to nearly \$12,000,000, the South African gold mines take extreme care that their bullion shall reach the coast in safety. Since most of the shipments are sent from Pretoria by rail many attempts have been made to hold up trains. To make successful robbery impossible the nine companies have built a car that is substantially a safe on wheels. It is equipped with lights that show every inch of space under, over, alongside and on each end of the body, and it is bullet and bomb proof. As further protection a guard is locked up in the car with every shipment and cannot be released until the destination is reached.

## STEPHEN C. FOSTER MEMORIAL.

The home of Stephen C. Foster, author of some of the best known songs ever written by an American, will be bought by the Allied Board of Trade and presented to the city of Pittsburg. The old home at Butler street and Penn avenue at the "Forks of the Road," is more than 100 years old and is still in excellent condition. Stephen Foster, whose songs are said to have had as great an influence in the ante-bellum days as the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is known best for his "Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe." Every civic body in Pittsburg is interested in the movement to preserve the Foster home as a memorial to the famed bard. Chancellor Samuel Black McCormick, of the University of Pittsburg, discussed the project and said: "Foster's home belongs to the nation. His birthplace should be preserved for coming generations."

## WANTS CANAL IMPREGNABLE.

The members of the House Naval Affairs Committee have arrived at Havana from Guantanamo and Panama. They are apparently all in favor of making the canal impregnable, if possible, but most of them refuse to express their opinions regarding Panama.

Representative Samuel J. Tribble, of Georgia, said: "With the exception of Gibraltar, which cannot be duplicated, the Panama Canal fortifications should be made the strongest in the world, so as to resist any world power. There may be many emergencies arising not so far distant that will justify this expense." When asked about Colonel Goethals' request for a garrison of 25,000 men, he said: "I believe that Congress should place a force adequate to garrison the zone for all purposes, regardless of the number that may be necessary."

Mr. Tribble's sentiments seem to be those of the rest of the committee.

## THE AUTOMOBILE RAGE.

Fifteen years ago the automobile was only a traveler's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United

States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed \$600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars, one factory 200,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was \$900; to-day a better one costs but \$600. Cars equal to those costing \$1,500 and \$2,000 five years ago cost \$1,100 and \$1,500 to-day, and \$900 buys a car better than the \$1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning; last year it exceeded \$25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful. The only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor trucks giving satisfaction to 18,000 owners and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation.

Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern, wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

## THE TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

The Tri-State League held its final meeting at the Columbus Hotel in Harrisburg, Pa., on March 20th, and cleared the decks for action. The meeting was the first since the members determined to have a six-club league, and the players from the Reading and Chester teams, which will not be in the league, were distributed as follows: Catcher Therre, Reading to Harrisburg; Frank Sheckard, Robert Scott, of Reading; George Edwards and S. C. Follensby, of Chester, to Allentown. The Philadelphia Nationals obtain Pitcher Llewellyn. The league salary limit was raised from \$1,600 to \$1,800, but all attempts to raise the individual salary limit of \$150 per month were defeated. Bert Leopold, Altoona, and Jake Weitzel, owner of the defunct Reading Club, and H. Kister Free, of York, recently deposed as Tri-State representative from York, were elected honorary members of the league. A championship schedule released for publication on March 28th was adopted, the season to open April 30th and close on Labor Day. Some questions about division of holidays occurred, and they will be arranged between Wilmington and Allentown later. Wilmington wants Memorial Day with Allentown instead of July 4th. The banquet of the Down and Out Club was attended by representatives of the newspapers of the circuit and Philadelphia, and many men formerly identified with Tri-State baseball. William S. Tunis was toastmaster and Mayor Royal was the guest of the evening. Governor Tener was tendered an invitation and greeted the banqueters for a few minutes.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

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